TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The celebration of Canada's twenty-second birthday in Toronto was such a distinguished success that news of it will be carried throughout the Dominion, not only exciting the belief that on future Dominion Days Toronto will do still grander things, but arousing the attention of smaller cities where hereafter we may expect such celebrations as will evince a proper pride in the day and the local enterprise of the place. It is odd that for twenty-two years a proper celebration had either never been attempted, had fallen into wrong hands, or public sentiment was not ripe for such festivities as took place in Toronto on Monday last. Very probably the latter is nearest the truth. The Dominion has been arranging its affairs and endeavoring in a spasmodic fashion to put its house in order and festivities have been little thought of. No amount of preparation, advertising or stimulated enthusiasm could produce such a joyous crowd as assembled on our national holiday. Only two weeks were allotted to those in charge of the preparations. A beggarly sum had been voted by the Council, and the efforts of the committee who canvassed amongst the merchants for further contributions were generously responded to but were met with a feeling that the money was very likely to be thrown away though all approved of the idea. Yet only the minority had any faith in the result. Dominion Day hereafter will not be handicapped by any feeling that the people will not respond to an effort such as has just been made, and I find that my suggestion that next year we have three or four days of a summer carnival beginning with the first of July is meeting with the greatest possible approval. Those who were dubious about the success of Monday's pageant are now thoroughly convinced that if we take hold of the matter in time next year we can have a grand review of anywhere from six to ten thousand troops on Dominion day, with an aquatic carnival on Wednesday, a grand turnout of the societies with games and sports of all kinds on Thursday, fireworks and illuminated processions at night, and all sorts of magnificent displays. I am also thoroughly convinced that with proper energy well directed, thirty or forty thousand Americans would visit Canada on their way to their favorite watering places if we had such a fete, while the towns and counties of this province would give up their thousands and tens of thousands of visitors, so that no period of our Industrial Exhibition would surpass the throngs which would come here to see the greatness of Toronto and the exhibition of her patriotism, and, I might call it, her business spirit.

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Last Monday was an inspiriting day in more than one respect. Orange and green mingled in the same procession, had their holiday side by side, their games were conducted in the same ring. Sons of Germany and Scotland, England and everywhere else, all forgot their old land prejudices and went in for a thoroughly good-natured and whole-souled Canadian festival. Even the police were polite and refrained from giving impertinent answers to the many teasing questions which met them on every side. The crowd was so immense that it fairly surged over the officers, who good-naturedly consented to accept the inevitable. The booth keepers sold everything they had, money was plenty, and the only drawback was the fact that nobody had apparently anticipated the enormous success of the programme in attracting visitors. It is estimated that from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five thousand people witnessed the procession, and that between forty and fifty thousand people were on the exhibition grounds. It was a revelation of what Toronto can do if she tries. Everyone in this city is imbued with the spirit not only of patriotism but of local enthusiasm, and outside, the citizens of Ontario seem to be willing to accept almost any sort of an excuse to visit the metropolis.

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If we have speaking next year let it be in one of the buildings. After Monday's experience it is improbable that any public speaker will sacrifice his thorax by endeavoring to talk to a multitude while he has such competitors as bagpipes and fife and drum bands, with children's competitions, and horse races and everything else of the sort going on at the same time. The idea of ten or fifteen minute speeches is a good one but they cannot be delivered with any effect in such a Babel as surrounded the speakers' stand on Monday last. Yet I am bound to say the people seemed as anxious for that part of the programme as any other and a vast deal of disappointment was expressed that the arrangements had not been such as to give both speaker and listener a chance. However it is our first experiment and next time we will have everything right.

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Alderman Dodds, who has been the leading spirit in making the day what it was, deserves a great deal of credit. Alderman Booth, who also devoted two weeks of his time to the work, should be remembered, while to the balance of the Reception Committee we owe a considerable debt of gratitude for their work. The Citizens' Committee also, though they are not seeking any special recognition, worked hard and accomplished at least one thing: showing that when the City Council undertakes a really good enterprise, it can depend upon any amount of assistance if it will only take the trouble to call on a few of the citizens to help it out. The newspapers, with the exception of the *Mail*, all did their best to advertise the event and to assist in making it what it was. The one exception seems to have been too much absorbed by the Jesuit question to do anything but predict the disruption of Confederation. If every other kind of an institution could drop the disturbing religious and racial questions for a day, the *Mail* might well have afforded to, though it was not until it saw how great an event had transpired that it gave its columns with any freedom to Dominion Day topics. It is to be hoped that it has learned a lesson.

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Moreover it is to be hoped the day will come when the Dominion event will absorb all the other events which now distract our attention. If the Irish associations have their competitions, have their games and big annual turnout on the First of July, there will not be much disposition to have a performance on the Seventeenth of March, nor will the Orangemen be likely to have a very big parade on the Twelfth if they turn out loyally on the First. The Twenty-fourth of May, in the course of human events, cannot long be our Imperial holiday, and all of these things would blend into one grand Canadian exhibition of loyalty and patriotism. It is possible that even the festival of St. Jean Baptiste, which comes about the same season, will also lose some of its significance to our French-Canadian brethren and that there will not be a renewal of those absolutely treasonable orations, such as made memorable the festival of the *habitant* this year. We do not propose to have the word "nation" hyphenated in this country and the reference to "the French-Canadian nation" made in a petition sent by them to the Pope for his blessing and the use of the same in his answer, is particularly obnoxious to Canadians who intend to make home happy and peaceful even if they have to do it with a shotgun.

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Even Sir Adolphe Caron, a model of incompetency as Minister of Militia, has remarked that, "If we have no other use for the French-Canadian battalions than to fight, as Colonel Amyot says, in defence of their laws and institutions the sooner they are disbanded the better," and there are a great many people in this province who think Colonel Amyot came nearer expressing the feeling of the battalions than Sir Caron does, and yet at the same time they are impressed by the idea that we would be quite as well off if we had an English Canadian as Minister of Militia.

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How long will these intermarriages of the Guelphs continue? It is reported that the Prince of Wales' son has been betrothed to the sister of the Emperor of Germany—his own cousin. The results of these frequent intermarriages have already been seen in the scrofulous ailments which beset the royal house. It would seem to me wise for them to try to import some fresh blood. If the royal family had such rosy cheeks and sturdy limbs and bright eyes as the school children had who went through their programme on Dominion Day we might hope for a physically royal family. Neither Great Britain nor the United States can produce such youngsters as took part in our parade.

IN THE MEADOWS—HOLLAND.

The old kirk of Scotland has relaxed the formula which all ministers once had to sign on ordination. Now they simply take it all in a general way—make a sort of a job lot of it—and the most sensitive conscience can dodge all the protuberant absurdities without being injured. One of the leading lights of the General Assembly, Principal Cunningham, congratulated himself and his brethren on the gerrymander of the Confession, and stated that now they "Would be able to look other people in the face like honest men," which is very suggestive of how they used to have to squint when they met people who did not believe in the whole of the Confession and knew that the parsons did not.

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The Rev. Principal Grant of Queen's University and Vice-Chancellor Mulock of the University of Toronto have their hands deeply buried in each other's hair and are pounding each other with academic adjectives which sound very prettily, but really mean as much ugliness as the rankest Billingsgate. In judging of these encounters the Marquis of Queensbury's rules are not suitable, but there is a principle which we can apply to such matters, and that is that denominational institutions, or creeds or sects, or anything appertaining to them, shall have no part in arranging the examination papers of our Provincial university. We have got enough religion mixed in with our politics and school system without having a Sanhedrim of the high priests to settle what a youth shall know before he enters the university. If the thin edge of the wedge is ever permitted to enter they will end up with a two days' examination on the catechism, with three hours on the balance of other subjects. The Minister of Education should fix, if he has the power, a uniform set of questions for the entrance examination of all the universities, and if we had an undenominational college of examiners, something like the College of Physicians and Surgeons, before whom all aspirants to a degree had to go, we should be none the worse off. Principal Grant is an exceedingly clever and prominent man, Vice-Chancellor Mulock is thoroughly competent to fill the position he is in, and moreover, like Principal Grant, is an amiable and interesting man, but as the principle of keeping sectarianism out of our higher education is worth more to the people than a campus full of Principals and Vice-Chancellors, the question and not the persons must be considered. Such being the case, Vice-Chancellor Mulock should have both people and collegians on his side, regardless of sect.

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The Grit picnic last Saturday was reasonably successful, though I believe as a matter of fact that the attendance was only between three and four thousand. The proximity of Dominion Day celebration kept all those except the faithful from turning out, and I am sorry to say that the picnic kept the Reformers from showing themselves on Monday, which but proves what has been long known, that they place party before country. They should have imitated their organ the *Globe* in this matter, for while it sounded the praises of the picnic it was one of the most earnest of the city papers in advocating the national day. The speeches were what we might have expected and to a great extent what we have already frequently heard.

I cannot say that I sympathize with those extreme Conservative journals which have been calling Sir Richard Cartwright a heretic because he insists on pointing out glaring evidences of misgovernment. To be patriotic a man must not necessarily conceal the wrong doing of an administration or the extravagance of subsidy grabbers and those who yield to their importunities. It is much more the part of a patriot to tell the truth than to be eternally making excuses for those who cover many misdeeds by large acts of national import. The great trouble with the Grits is that they size the thing up *too small* and include in their condemnation things of which the general public heartily approve. The Liberals are continually saying we cannot afford this and that and seem to want to run the country on a township council basis. Energetic Canada will not permit this and it is one of the reasons why the Reform party has been kept out of power. But the fact must not be forgotten that many of Sir Richard's criticisms strike right home to the very heart of the administration and I fear we are over ready to condone acts of undoubted misgovernment because we believe the general policy of the administration is nearer right than it would be if the Liberals were in power. We can have a general policy all right and the details much nearer right than they are now. All that is necessary is to make the government understand that we want their *best* and do not propose to tolerate any samples of their *worst*.

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The Hon. G. W. Ross' attempt to confuse the mind of the listener on the French and Separate School question will mislead no one. I shall place considerable confidence in the report of the Commissioners. I have an idea that they will try to do pretty nearly what is right; but their report will be much more favorable than the impression that you and I would receive if we witnessed the same things which they will speak of. The coloring will be Grit, and in some cases perhaps it will be put on so thick that the facts will look odd, even to those who know most about them, but no commission can change the popular belief that this is an English speaking province which does not propose to have a dual language and which will not permit any government to temporize with that thing which threatens to build up in our midst an alien fragment which, taken in connection with the French Canadianism of Quebec, really imperils the permanency of English institutions in Canada, and must be the rock, if any, upon which the ship of Confederation will go to wreck. Just now Canada is actively engaged in blasting out a channel which will enable the aforesaid ship of state to ride with safety and there is to be a great big chunk of political dynamite placed under any party or any rock which interferes with the navigation of that stream which, if unhindered by artificial barriers, will bear this Canada of ours to greatness.

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The Hon. G. W. has his work cut out for him in his constituency now that J. L. Hughes has been nominated as his opponent. James is quite a fighter and isn't running for fun. Let the Conservatives make a few more good nominations and the battle will be hot.

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Dr. D. A. O'Sullivan of Toronto, in addressing a Dominion Day audience at Dundas, made an excellent speech, particularly noticeable because it endorsed the idea of Imperial Federation. But he made a number of statements which will not bear arguing out. He said: "I abhor any system of so-called education which leaves out of view the moral training of one's child; it is unchristian, it is pagan." I desire to call the Doctor's attention to the fact that the public school system of education has morals in it, though it may not contain any elements of religion as viewed from the Doctor's standpoint. Morals are between man and man; religion between man and his God. Morality may be taught while religion is omitted. The context, however, suggests that religion was what the Doctor was driving at. He thinks it is "entirely just that the Province of Ontario should be divided into two great classes, Protestants and Catholics." He says, "the religion of the Jews is not a recognized part of the laws of the land, and the affectation of disbelief on the part of the Agnostic should not be seriously considered." I am neither a Jew nor an Agnostic, and yet I can see no reason why they should not be recognized by the State to the same extent that the Catholic religion is recognized. The Jew is not a Christian, and the Protestant thinks the Catholic is not, while the Catholic frankly asserts that the Protestant is not. The Agnostic is a disbeliever, and both Jew, Protestant and Catholic think he is wrong, but that does not make him wrong; and as we have no public censor of morals or religion, he has as much right to his faith, or lack of faith, as either the Catholic or Protestant has, and there is, therefore, no excuse for the division of the community into two great parts, or three, or four. Dr. O'Sullivan is right when he says "This is a mixed community; it is neither Protestant nor Catholic but a collection of both. I know of no power that controls any one denomination and I recognize no right in either Catholic or Protestant to domineer over the other." This is perfectly true. It is not a question of domineering; it is the question of providing an education for the youth of the land, and the difficulty does not lie in the anxiety of the Protestant to domineer, but in the belief that a secular education is a secular education and that that is as much as the State has any right to impart. The Bible system

of education, the old fashioned Christian system of education made it incumbent upon the parents to teach religion, and if Catholic parents be incapable of teaching religion to their children that is the fault of the Catholic parents, of the Catholic church, and not of the State, or if they delegate their authority to the priests then it is the fault of the priests and not of the State. Plenty of opportunity is afforded to either priests, parents or parsons to properly instruct the children in religious matters outside of the prescribed code. If they fail to do their duty that is their fault. It is as inapplicable to criticize the State for failing to teach religion, as it would be to criticize the Postoffice Department for not having printed texts on the envelopes and stamps. It is not the business of the postoffice to be a *colporteur*. It is not the business of the Customs or Inland Revenue Department to teach temperance or cleanliness to the people, though these are appreciated as necessary adjuncts to a high state of civilization. Yet it is as much their business to enter into such a system of education as it is for the Public School Department to teach the catechism. If the parents have no interest in the matter and are willing to see their children grow up without a knowledge of godliness, if the vast system of Sunday Schools and Sodalities is not equal to the emergency, if the mission schools, the preachers, the priests, the devotees, the Christian Brothers, the Sisters of Charity, cannot undertake this department I see no reason why the State should be called upon to do what the individual has avoided doing. The substance of the matter is the Catholic Church and a number of the Protestant churches would like to unload the difficulty of teaching the child religion on the State. It is an indefensible project. It shows how cheaply those who advocate it hold religion itself. It evinces a disposition to evade the spiritual responsibilities, and while I admire Mr. O'Sullivan's address I call attention to these facts that he may in the future advise parents to teach religion to their children instead of arguing that an irreligious and secular power should undertake the task. If religion is to be taught by people who are not religious, if the parents who offer their children for baptism will not undertake the labor of their upbearing and if it is to be a perfunctory matter then let us abandon it altogether. No system of public education, either Separate or Protestant, parochial or missionary can release the father, the mother and the pastor from the absolute duty of teaching things spiritual to the children. Nor is it a matter for boasting that the Sisters of Charity and religious organizations relieve one-third of the poverty of Toronto, when we remember that public taxes are created in order to enable these associations to do their good work, that Protestant charity is included, and that the Roman Catholic population, with all due respect to them, are notorious as causing more than their share of the necessity for this charity. Notwithstanding the Separate School system, the priest system, the Sisters of Charity system, we have more criminals who profess the Roman Catholic religion than any other. I do not wish to be offensive—only truthful. The Separate School system has not been able to do away with crime, and the religious instruction given in the Parochial or Separate Schools has not reduced the tendency of the pupils thereof to appear in the police court. We must judge by results. Civilly our country is no better off because of them. The parent has been given no greater cause of rejoicing that his child has come up in the straight and narrow way, for it is clear that he has not been more purified by his Separate School education than the Protestant child has by a secular education. Pauperism does not become less amongst the sect to which Dr. O'Sullivan refers because the catechism and the tenets of the church are instilled into the pupils, and we have every reason to assert that the Separate School system of education is a failure in better preparing the pupil for the labors of life, the duties of to-day and the obligations of citizenship than the Public School does. In the light of statistics, then, the scheme has been proved a failure, except as a means of perpetuating the Catholic Church, and while I congratulate Dr. O'Sullivan on his elegant address I must call attention to the poor results of the system which he advocates.

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In last Tuesday's *Globe* the Rev. W. R. Parker had a letter acknowledging that he had been interviewed by representatives of two of the city dailies with regard "To some statements credited to him as uttered last Sabbath night in Broadway Tabernacle," explaining in a general, but to me unintelligible, way that his reference to the different nationalities was simply incidental, etc., and then attacking SATURDAY NIGHT in the following vicious paragraph:

> In striking contrast to your treatment of a public man is that of SATURDAY NIGHT. With him, without personal knowledge or any effort to be correct, he prostitutes the freedom of the press into a license to heap on me cowardly abuse, and to iterate gratuitous insinuations. After such a tirade from this distinguished leader of society, an unprejudiced public will rightly estimate his closing admission. "Of course it is possible that Dr. Parker may have been misreported. I hope it was."
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> The one redeeming feature in these morbid strictures is the pertinent eulogy pronounced upon the Irish. This is a sentiment with which I heartily sympathize, and as those who know can affirm, I have always announced myself, and such I, a Canadian of Irish parentage, shall always be proud to maintain.
>
> Toronto, June 29. W. R. PARKER.

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I then took the liberty of addressing to him the following letter:

Rev. W. R. Parker, 238 Huron Street, City.

DEAR SIR,—A marked copy of the *Globe* of to-day called my attention to your letter, "A reply to the strictures of SATURDAY NIGHT."

If SATURDAY NIGHT has misrepresented what you said, its columns are open to you if you desire to reply and it would seem to me in good taste that the reply should appear in the paper that published the article complained of, rather than in a journal whose readers are probably not aware of the nature of the paragraph to which you are replying so vigorously. I would be very much obliged if you would state what it was you said which led "to some statements credited to you as uttered last Sabbath night in Broadway Tabernacle," by which I presume you refer to something which may have been the origin of the report which I read in the *World*. If the charge that you directly made an odious comparison be untrue is it not possible that something you said was capable of the construction put upon it? If it could be fair to your judgment would you be kind enough to say as nearly as possible in the words you used on Sunday evening, what was the possible foundation of these rumors.

As to your charge that SATURDAY NIGHT prostitutes the freedom of the press into a license to heap on you "cowardly abuse" and to "iterate gratuitous insinuations," I do not think the public will agree with you but will probably imagine that SATURDAY NIGHT, though possibly mistaken, has shown a good taste in this matter as has been evident by yourself. Please let me have an answer to-morrow, so that it may appear in this week's paper.

His reply was marked private but he absolutely refused to accede to my request. I have written to him asking permission to publish his answer, but there not being time for a reply the matter will have to stand over till next week, though I can assure the reverend gentleman that I do not intend to let the matter drop. "Coward" is a word that I do not like to hear and when it is applied to me or to what I write I think I am justified in starting out to hunt up the man who used it. Without very much vaunting my courage I can assure Bro. Parker that at least I am not afraid of an argument with him. The utterances credited to him, upon which I based my remarks, appeared in the *World*, and after waiting several days and seeing that he did not repudiate the report, I presumed it was correct. What he said was a public matter, and he had more reason to set himself right, if wrongly reported in that journal, than I had to write to him and make inquiries. That he failed to do so may have misled me, but how many thousands of others did it mislead and who is most to blame? Dr. Parker admits that reporters interviewed him with regard to the matter, and he must have known that the public interest had been excited and it was his duty to put himself right. He having attacked me—though he refers to SATURDAY NIGHT and calls it "him"—and refused to give me an opportunity of setting the matter right in these columns, I think the public will agree with me that I have more cause of complaint than Dr. Parker has. People reading his letter in the *Globe* would have no idea what his fury meant, and might really think that SATURDAY NIGHT had abandoned its well known habit of treating people fairly and dispassionately. In the meantime I await Dr. Parker's reply, and hope that it will be addressed to me and not to some one else, and by the way, I might remark that the bad taste shown in sending his first letter to the *Globe*, is proven by the fact that newspapers, as a rule, refuse to publish letters replying to what has appeared in other journals, until said journals decline to give the offended person an opportunity of using their columns. This rule, however, does not appear to be in force in the *Globe* office. DON.

Social and Personal.

The fashionable exodus from town, which is taking place much later this year than usual, has at last set in in good earnest. The recent rains and cold weather have made people loth to leave the comforts of town and those amusements which bad weather cannot mar, so that up till now very few have left for their summer outings. Those fashionables who are bound for Europe have, in most cases, already set sail, but the many who are content with the unfailing charms of our northern land of lakes, or eastern rivers and seaside places, are only now taking wing. Devotees of fashionable watering places in the eastern states, are just finishing the business with milliners or tailors which their destination demands, and are thinking of trying the new vestibule train. The contingent bound for the Rockies is apparently much smaller and less ultra-fashionable this year than last, but such a contingent there is, and a small party of them are to emulate the explorers of last year, by a visit to the Alaskan coast.

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And amidst the news of all these departures, the same thoughts come to me as at the same season in every summer, Toronto is at its best in July, August and September. There is probably no other city, of anything like the same size, on the whole continent, where summer is more pleasant. When the meteorological office tells us that the Eastern States are sweltering with the thermometer near a hundred in the shade, and that the temperature in Montreal is not much lower, the south wind is coming to us cooled by the lake, and although we complain if we touch 80°, yet we are seldom really uncomfortable. It has always seemed to me that it would be more sensible if, like London and Paris, May, June and July were made the months of our "season." Of course people of fashion must go somewhere for some portion of the year, but why do they not choose the winter and go south to escape the cold?

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The luncheon and riding party for which Miss May Jones had issued invitations last Monday, was abandoned owing to a deplorable and severe accident to the fair hostess that was to be. Miss Jones was, on Friday, thrown from her carriage on Yonge street, and sustained a dislocation of the elbow. A very painful accident, and one which the lady's many friends deeply regret.

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Mr. and Mrs. Dupuis of Brussels are amongst the visitors from Europe whom society has welcomed of late. The knowledge of this lady and gentleman of the English tongue was very slight, but under the best of tutelage they are rapidly picking it up, and the admirers of the fair Belgian are numerous.

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A wedding in which Toronto society is interested, although unfortunately at a distance, is about to take place at Murray Bay, P. Q. Mr. W. H. Blake of Toronto and Miss Law of Montreal will be married under circumstances absolutely novel and unconventional. The bride and bridegroom are to be dressed in tennis costumes, the ceremony, if I am not misinformed, is to take place in the open air, and, most surprising of all, the wedding trip is to be by canoe up the river Murray, the shores of which are uninhabited and almost unknown.

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Miss Grace Boulton and Miss Amy Boulton of Grange Road are staying with Miss McInnis at Dundurn Park, Hamilton. Miss McInnis has of late years lived more in Toronto and Montreal than at Hamilton, but is now going to make Dundurn her headquarters.

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Miss Fleming, daughter of the Hon. Sanford Fleming, C. E., is the guest of Mrs. Hamilton Merritt of St. George street.

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Professor Hutton of the Toronto University and Mrs. Hutton sailed last week to join Mrs. McCaul in England.

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Although I shall have to chronicle many departures from town in the next few weeks, it will be a pleasant relief to record the return of some popular members of society. Mrs. Albert Nordheimer is expected back in two weeks, and the beginning of August will see Mrs. Yarker and the Misses Yarker once more in their popular house on Beverley street.

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Mr. and Mrs. Cardew of London, Eng., are in town. This is not the first visit of this lady and gentleman to Toronto, and many friendships of three years back are being renewed.

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Mr. Hume Cronyn of London, Ont., has been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Kerr at Rathnelly.

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Mr. and Mrs. James Saunders have left town for watering places in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

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Miss Campbell was at home to the eleven of Kingston cadet cricketers, at Government House, last Sunday afternoon. The matches of these gentlemen have been fashionably attended, and there have been many regrets that the clubs that they met have never generally been too smart for them.

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In spite of the want of any such attractions as matches against the Gentlemen of Ireland or the eleven of the United States, the less important fixtures at the grounds of the Toronto Cricket Club, have been well attended. Both on Saturday of last week at the match against the United Universities and on Tuesday at that with Kingston many pretty faces encouraged the players.

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The hop of last Saturday evening at the Queen's Royal, Niagara-on-the-Lake, was the first regular affair of the season, and was well attended. The floor was in good condition and music fine. The special Fourth of July hop, given for our American cousins on Thursday evening, was a great success. Nearly one hundred and fifty couples came down from Buffalo to spend their great holiday and remain for the evening fun. The regular hop will be given this (Saturday) evening, and every Saturday during the season.

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After postponing its garden party for two weeks, St George's Society was favored with a delightful afternoon last Saturday and many were attracted to the beautiful grounds of Rosedale House, the residence of Mr. Perceval F. Ridout, to thoroughly enjoy themselves and give assistance to a worthy object. The Society has bought a piece of ground on Elm street and proposes to erect a more commodious building than its present quarters on Louisa street. The band of the Royal Grenadiers furnished excellent music, and abundant refreshments were served in a large tent on the grounds. The following ladies assisted: Mrs. Forsyth Grant, Mrs. Harry Baldwin, Mrs. Payne, Miss Eva Morris, Miss Wilkie, the Misses Todd, Miss K. Merritt, Miss Meredith, and Miss Thorburn. A flower stall was presided over by Miss Morris, Miss Manning and Miss Dawson, who were assisted by Misses Connie and Eric Temple, the two little daughters of Dr. Temple, who were most attractive and proved themselves invaluable assistants. Amongst those present were Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss Strange, Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs. Ridout, Mrs. Lionel Ridout, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Barlow Cumberland, the president of St. George's Society and Mrs. Wellington, the vice-presidents, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Boyd, Mr. and Miss Beardmore, Dr. and Mrs. Temple, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Hoskin, Mrs. George Denison, Miss J. Denison, Mrs. Fred Denison, Mrs. Richard Denison, Mrs. Stephen Heward, Mrs. O'Reilly, Mrs. Cawthra, Mr. E. Baynes Reid, and others.

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Messrs. Allan McNab and G. P. Scholfield of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club have purchased the deep draught yacht Molly, from Messrs. Robertson and Edwards.

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Rev. Geo. Milligan, Mrs. and Miss Milligan sail for a trip to Europe next week via New York.

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A delightful little picnic party was given last week at Howard Lake by little Miss Constance Cameron, daughter of Mr. H. Cameron, Q. C., of Queen's Park, on her birthday. The guests were her school friends, Misses Nella Lash, Ethelwyn Walker, Katie Strange, Beatrice Macdonald, Ethel Ellis and Maud Fauquier. Mrs. Thomson of Crowsville street and Mrs. Cameron acted as chaperons.

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Mr. C. Cashman, of the Crown Lands Department, left last week for a two months' holiday, to visit relatives and friends in Ireland. He is accompanied by his son-in-law, Mr. E.D. Gough, and Mrs. Gough. In Mr. Cashman's case, the holiday is well-earned, being the first he has had in a continuous term of seventeen years in the Ontario Government service. The voyagers have a large circle of friends who will be please to hear of their return in the near future in a vigorous state of health.

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Dr. Bourinot, Clerk of the House of Commons, was married in Regina on Tuesday to Miss Cameron.

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At Trinity College convocation last week, Miss Helen E. Gregory, Trinity's first girl graduate, received an ovation from her gallant fellow students. She wore an empire costume of shell-pink liberty silk, with Mechlin lace and diamonds, and the customary cap and gown. Miss Gregory and her mother are at present visiting Newcastle, Ont., the guests of Rev. Canon Brent.

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Mr. W. D. Wilson has closed his St. George street residence and has gone, with his family, to Lorne Park for the summer.

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Among other visitors to Great Britain and the Continent is Mr. D. W. Alexander of Elm avenue, Rosedale. Mr. Alexander will be absent for two or three months. On his return, we hear he will join the order of benedicts, his partner to be is a captivating and handsome widow.

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Mr. and Mrs. Brush and family are summering at Hanlan's.

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Mr. E. L. Middleton will spend his holidays in Woodstock and Oshawa.

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Miss Jardine Thomson, one of our most popular vocalists, will leave shortly for England to study music for a year or two under Signor Randeggor of London.

*

The marriage of Mr. J. J. Allward of Seaton street to Miss R. Turner was attended by a large number of relatives and friends at St. Mark's Church, Parkdale, on Monday evening. The bride was neatly attired in a dress of cream moire, with the customary veil and orange blossoms, and carried a handsome bouquet of white roses. She was attended by Miss B. Allward, sister of the groom, who wore a dress of cream cashmere, with lily of the valley bonnet, and carried a bouquet of tea roses. The groom was supported by Mr. C. Allward. After the wedding breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Allward took the train for the west. The bride was the recipient of many handsome presents.

*

A communication from Berlin, Germany, informs me of the arrival in that city of the following Torontonians: Mr. E. Eaton, the Misses Eaton, Mr. C. Burdon, Mr. Will Ryrie, and Mr. S. F. McKinnon.

*

Mrs. A. A. Campbell of Belleville is visiting Miss Mary Campbell of 91 Breadalbane street.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

The Barrie Lawn Tennis Club gave an At Home Monday afternoon, July 1st, at their grounds. A large number of ladies and gentlemen were present and took great interest in watching the match which was played between six members of the Park Club of Toronto and the same number belonging to the Barrie Club. Following are the names of those who played: Messrs. L. Baldwin, W. Ross, A. Gillespie, and Lefroy of Toronto; Messrs. R. Gillett, W. A. Boys, J. Sandford, A. Giles, R. Morton, A. Dyment of Barrie. The ladies were in good condition. In the surrounding groups were to be seen many pretty faces and most becoming costumes. At the end of the last set the players were taken with choice cake, fruit and ices. As the day was exceedingly warm these delicacies were very refreshing. Much credit is due local clubs for the good playing which was done. Toronto won six sets and Barrie three. Among those present on the grounds were Mr. and Mrs. J. Smithy, Mrs. J. Ardagh, Judge Boys, Mr. Farmer, Mr. and Mrs. D. Spry, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Morgan, Capt. E. Bird, Mr. and Mrs. Jeffry McCarthy, Mrs. Bridges, Rev. W. Reiner and Miss Reiner, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Mrs. Sanford, Rev. J. Murphy, Mrs. Haughton Lennox, Mrs. Johnson of Toronto, Mrs. Beatty, Mr. V. Morgan of Toronto, Mr. and Miss Campbell, Miss Linton of Sutton, Miss Douglas of Toronto, Miss Kortright, Miss Russell of Millbrook, the Misses Mason, the Misses Foster, Mr. P. Bouchier of the Batteau, Miss Cotter, Mr. Lefroy of Toronto, Mr. and Miss Bouchier, Dr. Ross of Toronto, the Misses Bird, Miss Chapman of Hamilton, Miss Routh, Miss Schreiber, Mr. H. McVittie, the Misses Baker, the Misses Henderson, Mr. Makid, Miss McKay of Orangeville, Dr. W. A. Ross, Mr. Lauder, Mr. Peterson, Mr. T. and Miss Boys, Mr. H. Boys of Guelph, Miss B. Stewart, Mr. A. P. Ardagh, Miss Stevenson, the Misses Forsyth, Miss Sanders, Mr. H. Ardagh, Mr. F. Dorman, Mr. V. Ardagh, Mr. H. Ardagh and others. In the evening Mrs. J. Sanford gave a delightful impromptu dance in honor of the visiting club, and from appearances all seemed to have a gay time.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Lount spent a few days in town last week and were the guests of Mrs. D. Spry.

Mr. F. D. Howson was in town lately.

Mr. Chas. Ardagh spent two days in Toronto recently.

Mr. Ed. Mitchell was in Hamilton this week. OCULAIRE.

PORT HOPE.

The Port Hope Summer Dramatic Club opened their season's entertainment on Saturday evening last by giving a large and very successful ball at the lovely residence of Mrs. Seymour (known as Idalia), Port Hope. No better and more picturesque place could possibly have been secured for the holding of the Dramatic Club's initial opening. The house is situated on a hill overlooking the lake, is surrounded with beautiful walks, lawn and shrubbery—these, with Chinese lanterns tastefully placed here and there, and on the large veranda made a very attractive spot for those who preferred a quiet *tete-a-tete* to dancing. The dancing was held in the large hall room which is about 53 feet in length. The floor was in excellent condition, and the house was profusely decorated with flowers, and with many a quiet and secluded corner, was all that the most ardent pleasure-seeker could desire. There was a large number present from Port Hope and the immediate vicinity, Toronto, Peterboro' and Cobourg, amongst whom I noticed Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose, Mr. and Mrs. Machray, Mr. and Mrs. Milloy, Mr. and Mrs. Baines, the Misses Armour of Cobourg, Mrs. and Miss Dewar of London, Eng., Miss Maud Vankoughnet of Toronto, Miss Otter of Toronto, the Misses Violet and Sybil Seymour, Misses Benson, Cooper, Hugel, Chisholm, Patterson, Montgomery and Williams of Port Hope, Mr. and Mrs. Clarke and Miss Hattie Smith of New York, Messrs. Murray Ogilvy of Montreal, A. H. S. Vankoughnet, G. C. Cassels of Toronto, with Messrs. H. A. Ward, M. P., Leo Williams, Burnham, Lewis, Sweatman, Beecher, McClurcan, Ince and many others from Port Hope and elsewhere. Mrs. Ambrose looked charming in white satin caught up with cherries; ornaments, diamonds; Mrs. Machray, lately of Winnipeg, looked lovely in white satin gracefully draped with jet ornaments and diamonds; Miss Seymour, who has returned from a year's traveling on the continent, appeared in a most becoming and stylish English costume, and she with her sister Miss Sybil, who was becomingly attired in pale blue gauze with surah and ribbons, with ornaments of diamonds and pearls, were very justly awarded the place of being the belles of the ball; Miss E. Benson in white moire and pearls; Miss Otter in figured muslin and ribbon; Miss Vankoughnet in black tulle moire looked handsome as did Miss Hattie Smith of New York in a pretty dress of white gauze and green moire ribbons. The Port Hope Dramatic Club is to be congratulated upon the success of the evening, the chief praise of which is due to the president, Miss Seymour, and to the untiring energies of the secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Machray. The club intend giving a dramatic performance on July 9, the evening before Speech Day at Trinity College School, when Dearest Mama and other plays will be given.

WALKERTON.

On Friday night last the house of Dr. Landerkin, M.P. for South Gray was the scene of a most brilliant entertainment given by Miss Landerkin to her Walkerton friends. The Walkertonians drove out, Mrs. Sinclair acting as chaperon. Among the guests I noticed Miss Usher, Messrs. F. R. and C. MacNamara, Miss Sinclair, Mr. H. H. Sinclair, Miss Barrett, Mr. W. Barrett, Mr. E. Barrett, Miss Sutton, Miss Robertson, Miss Traill, Mr. W. Collins, Mr. W. Shaw, Miss McClean, Mr. T. Attwood, Miss Wilkes, Miss Penton, Mr. Lount, Miss Wilson, Miss Nichols, Miss Hahn, Mr. W. Stovel, Mr. C. Darling.

BELLEVILLE.

Mrs. Septimus Jones of Toronto is the guest of Miss Grace Ponton at Sidney Cottage.

Mr. Belfield Grannum, late of Barbadoes, W.I., now of Montreal, is here visiting his brothers Messrs. Allen and Clifton Grannum.

Mr. Harry Hungerford of Montreal spent Dominion Day with his relatives and numerous friends in this city.

Mrs. W. Kelso of Bath is the guest of Mrs. T. Kelso.

Mr. R. Croft Hulme of Montreal was in the city this week.

Mr. John Bell and family, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Bell, and Miss Janet Glass, went down the bay as far as Deseronto, for a cruise on Dominion Day.

Miss Sarah Dickson, daughter of Geo. Dickson, Q. C., has returned from her visit to Mrs. Rosamond of Brighton.

The Misses Hutchison of Port Dalhousie, Miss Clark of Sarnia, and Miss McMillen of Oshawa, are the guests of Mrs. J. P. and Miss Ethelind Thomas, Charlotte street.

Miss McQuaig of Picton is visiting Mrs. McGwyn, Octavia street.

How They Get Things Mixed.

The following extract is copied verbatim from the *Pall Mall Budget*: "The Canadian Protectionists have just sustained three severe defeats in Ontario. At Woodstock the Scott Act has been repealed by a majority of 3,000 votes; in Middlesex county it has been repealed by a majority of 1,200, and in Sarnbton only 40 out of three or four thousand inhabitants voted for the continuance of the measure. In each case the Act was adopted by very substantial majorities four or five years ago."

An Enchanting Creature.

God never made among all the exquisite things of creation a more lovely, enchanting, exquisite, admirable creature than a fresh, pure, charming young girl, full of unselfish thought for others, gentle, gracious and spotless. Not the milk-white and stately June lilies are so radiant in their stainless candor as such a girl; no tropic blossom vies with her health-colored face beaming with the light of the sweet soul within her; she is the flower and crown of humanity. Ah, my dear, fulfil this destiny waiting for you, and you will become to your household and the world one of the angels that are to be, one of the American girls who shall help their country and their people from the stigma that—I say it with pain and regret—our own countrymen have cast upon those whom they should have been the first to defend! Enjoy your flight, pretty swallow! migrating toward mountain and shore; but fly true to your wings, upward and onward.

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One of those Ladies' Gold Watches about the size of a half-dollar, with plain polished case and monogram on front-back, will be sure to please. I have just received some from the factory.

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Boyhood's Friend.

E came into the office announced only as "a gentleman-who-wants-to-see-you particular," and as he looked respectable and bore no outward signs of indigence, I asked him to sit down. He sat down, and looked curiously about him. Then he gazed at me with interest.

"You've changed," he said.

"May be I have," said I, "but I believe I'm the same man that you asked to see. Perhaps you'll tell me what I can do for you."

"Oh, certainly," he replied; "I just dropped in to see you. I haven't been to New York for most ten years, so I thought I'd stop in and see you while I was here."

"And may I ask," I inquired, "who you are when you are not in New York?"

"You do not recognize me?" he said, in a sort of plaintively genial way.

"I don't seem to," I replied.

"Don't you remember Macready?—Joe Macready." He seemed to think that the "Joe" settled it.

I hunted back through the draughty corridors of memory; but I could recall personal acquaintance with only one Macready. There was a Macready who hauled cordwood for me when I lived in Maine; but, unless he had shrunk four or five sizes, and washed himself—both suppositions being improbable—it was not that Macready. Besides, that Macready's name was not Joe—it was Van Rensselaer. His mother had been a washerwoman in the Van Rensselaer family.

"No," I said at last, "I don't remember you, Mr. Macready."

"What!" he exclaimed, reproachfully, "you don't remember me? Why, I used to go to school with you."

I thought, "Ah, indeed!" was a proper thing to say here, and so I said it.

"Don't you remember Cattaraugus?" he demanded.

I remembered Cattaraugus.

"Don't you remember old Perkins' school?"

I remembered old Perkins' school.

"Don't you remember the night the barn burned down?"

I recalled the circumstance.

"Don't you recollect the boy who fell into the cistern?"

I thought I remembered that a boy had fallen into a cistern.

"That was me!"

I said "Ah!"

"Why," he went on, "you must remember those days. You can't have forgotten all that crowd." Here he looked about my office as if to see whether I showed any signs of being rich enough to afford to forget my old associates.

"You remember me now, don't you?"

I did remember him—that is, I remembered that there was a boy named Macready in the school, and I had no doubt that this was he. I remembered the Fridays when I was kept in, and had to copy the "reports" out of the school register—Mable, Mabbitt, Macready, Miller—I remembered that much out of the "M's."

"Oh, yes," I said, as heartily as I could. "I remember you now, only I wasn't expecting to see you. I—I—had an idea—seems to me somebody told me you lived in Europe, somewhere."

I think from his look that he knew I was lying; but he was polite about it.

"I suppose you're pretty well settled in this line of business?" he inquired, again looking around him."

"Why yes, I've been in it seventeen years or so."

"Oh," he remarked; and I felt it was incumbent upon me to ask him in what line of business he might be.

"I'm principally in varnish, now," he replied; "I live at Cynthiana, Kentucky, you know. We used to do a good paint and varnish, and the varnish business has kind of grown upon us, so that we've pretty well given up the general line of trade. You know how that is."

I said I knew how that was.

"Specialties pay," he observed.

I assented; but here the conversation languished until I asked him if he was married. He said he had been married twice, and had two children. Then he wanted to know about my domestic affairs; but he seemed to have no use for the information after he got it.

"Seen Bates recently—Big Bates, you remember?"

I hadn't seen Bates, I told him, big or little, in twenty years.

"Ever run across Coggswell?"

Coggswell had passed out of my horizon, I said. Then he was silent, and I thought that decency demanded that I should return his lead.

"Do you know anything of—of—Peterson?" I asked, recalling Peterson with difficulty.

"Oh, yes," he responded, briskly; "Peterson got into some financial trouble in Selma, Alabama, and they sent him to states prison for fifteen years."

After that, great chunks of silence dritted into my office, and after a while Macready seemed to feel the weight of the atmosphere.

"Well," he said, as he rose—and my heart warmed toward Macready as I saw him going—"I just looked in to see how you were getting on. If you're ever out my way, look me up."

"Thank you," I returned, as I grasped his hand; "I certainly will. And you'll come in and see me next time you're in New York, won't you?"

He said he would; then he looked at me as if, somehow, I had disappointed him, bade me good-bye, and went out into the bitter wind of June.

I think I can live my life out without looking Macready up in Cynthiana, Kentucky. I feel sure he won't come in again and see me, even if my name is in gilt letters a foot high on the sign over the door. I am sure Macready is a good fellow, an excellent (and repeated) husband, and a kind father, and that he makes good varnish. But he must excuse me if the tender chords of memory don't twangle in my heart at the sight of him just because he and I were two out of the sixty or eighty boys herded at a mighty mean boarding school in Cattaraugus, twenty-some-thing years ago.—*Puck.*

How Stanley Saved His Notes.

On the bank of an African river, upon a tiny clearing, which—scooped out of the vast black forest that bristled along both shores as far as the eye could reach—betokened the neighborhood of a native village, a man was standing alone taking rapid notes in a small book, while behind him lay moored along the water's edge a fleet of canoes, crowded with the dark-brown or black faces of Arabs and negroes, whose crooked swords and long ivory-stocked guns glittered in the morning sunshine.

The solitary figure on the bank seemed to be the only white man of the whole party, and even he, lean and ragged as he was, with his face burned almost black by the sun, and a matted mane of grayish-black hair and beard hanging loosely around it, seemed quite as savage as any of his fellows. But small and thin though he was, with plain, almost coarse features, and a dress of which any respectable scare crow would have been ashamed, he had in his sunken eyes that look of power and command which stamps the born leader of men. And such, indeed, he was, for this man was no other than Henry Morton Stanley.

So engrossed was Stanley with the notes which he was making that he never saw the black, scowling faces and fierce eyes which peeped out at him suddenly from the encircling thicket. Presently another head appeared, and another, and another still; and then the matted boughs shook and parted, and several men stole forth with long spears in their hands.

But Stanley's quick ear had caught the rustle of the leaves, and taking several strings of beads from his pouch, he advanced to meet them, uttering the long, shrill, bleat like salutation of the country, "*sem-sem-uh!*" (peace).

But there was little sign of peace among the advancing savages, who darted threatening looks at him and kept muttering angrily among themselves. Then a huge, scarred warrior, who seemed to be their chief, said, with a flourish of his spear:

"If the white man wishes peace, why does he try to bewitch us?"

"How have I tried to bewitch you?" asked Stanley in amazement. "I come as your guest, not as your enemy. You all see that my men have lain down their guns and swords and are waiting to be friends with you."

"The stranger's words are not straight," answered the savage, fiercely.

"Did we not see him making spells of witchcraft against us and drawing them on the magic charm that he carries with him? A sudden light flashed upon Stanley—it was his notebook that had offended them. "If the white chief means fairly by us let him throw his magic work into yonder fire and then he shall be our brother and shall eat with us; but if not our spears shall reach his heart."

For a moment the bold traveler stood aghast. To destroy his valuable notes, gathered with so much toil and suffering, would be to fling away the whole fruit of his weary and perilous journey. Yet, to refuse might cost him his life and the lives of all of his men, for the savages were evidently in earnest, and all the thickets around him were already swarming with fierce faces and leveled weapons.

All at once a bright idea came to him. In his pouch lay a small pocket Shakespeare (the companion of all his wanderings), which was sufficiently like the objectionable notebook to have deceived a keener observer than an African savage. Quick as thought he drew it forth and held it up so that every one could see it.

"Is this the charm that my brothers wish me to burn?" he asked, loud enough to be heard by all present.

"It is! it is!" roared a hundred voices at once, while half a dozen bony, black hands were outstretched from the front rank of the crowd as if to clutch the formidable "witch-book."

"And if I burn it," said Stanley, "will you be friends with me and give food to my men?"

"We will," chorused the black spearmen.

"Behold, then!" cried the great leader, and with one jerk of his hand he flung the Shakespeare into the fire beside him. In a moment it flamed up, shriveled away and was gone.

Then broke forth a yell of delight from the superstitious savages as they saw the dreaded "magic" vanish into smoke. A score of big, bare-limbed warriors, all smeared with paint and grease, rushed forward to overwhelm their "white brother" with sticky embraces, while others brought forward armfuls of fruit, fish and potato-like *cassava* bread. Stanley's hungry men ate their fill, and all went on as merrily as a picnic. The precious notes were saved!—*St. Nicholas.*

She Owned the Earth.

She held up her hand to the conductor to stop the car, but he was in no hurry about it and waited until it reached the crossing.

"Didn't I signal you to stop the car back there?" she demanded.

"You did, madam."

"Then why didn't you stop it?"

"Against orders, ma'am; we stop only at crossings."

"Who gave those orders?"

"The manager."

"Is the manager on the car?"

"No, ma'am."

"And I can't see him?"

"Not unless you go to the office."

"Very well. I withdraw my patronage from this line. Just inform the manager of this fact, will you, and suggest that he call and apologize. The car can now proceed."

And the car, strange to relate, did proceed.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Law Abider.

"I don't want to break the law," he said, as he stood in the presence of Capt. Starkweather at police headquarters the other day.

"You are very kind," replied the captain. "What is your case?"

"My wife has skipped."

"Indeed."

"Yes, skipped out two days ago. As I said, I don't want to break the law. What is the customary rule in such cases?"

"Let her skip."

"I am not expected to pursue her and shoot somebody?"

"No."

"Thanks. She has skipped. Let her skip. If she returns, I overlook and forgive. If she does not I marry the hired girl. Perfectly satisfactory, sir, all around, and I thank you for your kindness."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Misdirected Energy.

He was a society dude of the first water, and he had been boring her for an hour with his insipidity.

"You—ah admi—ah self-made men, don't yer, Miss Winthrop?" he drawlingly asked.

"Very much, sir," she said.

"Aw, thanks. You regward me as self-made, don't yer?"

"I do, sir. You must have made yourself, for you certainly are not what God intended you to be."

Lawn Tennis.

In the spring of 1875, a young lady returning from a winter trip to Bermuda, brought home the first lawn tennis outfit that had been brought into the United States. From that small beginning sprang lawn tennis clubs without number in a very short time. Whenever ladies and gentlemen meet in friendly contest on the field of outdoor sport, dress becomes a very important and interesting branch of the subject. In this critical and inventive age, it was but natural that a bright and graceful sport like lawn tennis should attract to itself a correspondingly bright and graceful costume. The style of garments worn are for coat a single breasted sack made without lining, and the trousers sufficiently loose to afford free and easy motion, and yet not so ample as to appear baggy. They should be supported by a silk belt or sash—never with suspenders. The class of goods most fashionably worn is the plain cream or white serge, and sometimes with a little color, a stock of which I have just imported especially for this season. Remember the fashionable West End Tailor, Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

At Thomas' European restaurant and English chop-house, Keachie & Co. have inaugurated a table d'hote dinner, from 12 to 3 o'clock. As everyone knows, the bill of fare offered at the Chop-house is not excelled in this city, and the price of the dinner is only 40c, or six tickets for $2. As this is the only table d'hote dinner given at any of the first-class restaurants, and the price has been placed so low there is no doubt of its success.

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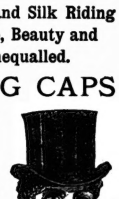

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THE DAY WILL COME.

BY M E. BRADDON,

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CHAPTER XXVII.

"When haughty expectations prostrate lie,
And grandeur crouches like a guilty thing,"

Theodore walked moodily along the lane leading to the West Gate, brooding over discrepancies and difficulties in the case which he had set himself to unravel. As he drew near Mrs. Porter's cottage he saw Lord Cheriton come out of the porch, unattended, and shutting the door behind him. He came slowly down the steps to the gate, with his hands in his pockets, and his shoulders stooping wearily, an attitude which was totally unlike his usual erect carriage, an attitude which told distinctly of mental trouble.

Theodore overtook him, and walked by his side, at the risk of being considered intrusive. He was very curious as to his kinsman's motive in visiting Mrs. Porter, after yesterday's conversation about Mercy.

"Have you been trying to bring about a reconciliation between mother and daughter?" he asked.

"No, I have told you that little good could result from bringing those two obstinate spirits together. You have seen for yourself what the daughter can be—how perverse, how cruel, what a creature of prejudice and whim. The mother's nature is still harder. What good could come of bringing such a daughter back to such a mother? No, it was with no hope of reconciliation that I called upon Mrs. Porter. I have been thinking very seriously of your friend Ramsay's suggestion of a Canadian home. I regret that I did not act upon the hint sooner, and get my friend Manwaring to see her, and advise upon the case. I shall certainly consult him about her—but as he has a very important practice, and a large establishment under his care, it may be very difficult for him to leave London. I think, therefore, it might be well to send her up to the neighborhood of London—to some quiet northern suburb, for instance, within half an hour's drive of Manwaring's asylum, which is near Edmonton—then, if it should be deemed advisable to place her under restraint for a time—though I cannot suppose that likely—the business could be easily accomplished."

"Your idea then would be——"

"To take her up to London, with her servant, as soon as I have found comfortable lodgings for her, in a quiet neighborhood. I have proposed the journey to her this afternoon, on the ground of her being out of health and in need of special advice. I told her that people had remarked upon her altered appearance, and that I was anxious she should have the best medical care. She did not deny that she was ailing. I think, therefore, there will be very little difficulty in getting her away when I am ready to remove her."

"What was your own impression as to her mental condition?"

"I regret to say that my impression very much resembled that of your friend. I saw a great change in her since I had last had any conversation with her. Yes, I fear that there is something amiss, and that it is not well, very well for her to live in that cottage, with one young woman for her only protector and companion. It would be far better for her to be in a private asylum—where, here being a very mild case, life might be made easy and agreeable for her. I know my friend Manwaring to be a man of infinite benevolence, and that there would be nothing wanting to lighten her burden."

He sighed heavily. There was a look in his face of unutterable care, of a despondency which saw no hope, no ray of light, no end to the thickening gloom. Theodore thought he looked aged by several years since yesterday, as if the evidence of the pistol had struck him to the heart.

"He knows now that it was his own sin that brought about this evil," thought Theodore.

He could conceive that upon the stricken heart, knowing that for the wrong-doing of his own youth his innocent daughter had been called upon to make so terrible a sacrifice, he could penetrate into the dark recesses of the sinner's mind, where remorse for that early error, and for all the false and evil deeds that necessitated, dominated every other thought. Till yesterday James Dalbrook might have supposed that sin a thing of the past, repented and forgiven—its evil consequences suffered in the past, the account ruled off in the book of fate, and the acquittance given. To day he knew that his sin had cost him his daughter's happiness; and over and above that horror of that sin a thing of the past, there was the hazard of some still greater horror in the future. Could anybody wonder that his eyes were sunken and dull, as they never had been before within Theodore's memory! Could anybody wonder at the strained look in the broad, open forehead, beneath which the eyes looked out wide apart under strongly-marked brows, or at the hard lines about the mouth, which told of sharpest mental pain!

Late that evening, when Lady Cheriton had gone to bed, Theodore approached the subject of the pistol.

"Did you compare the ball with the revolver that was found yesterday?" he asked.

"Yes. The ball fits the bore. I don't know that the fact goes to prove much—but so far as it goes it is now in the knowledge of our local police. Unfortunately they are not the most brilliant intellects I know of."

"If you will let me have the pistol to-night before we go to bed, I will go up to town by an early train to-morrow and take it to Scotland Yard, as you suggested."

"I suggested nothing of the kind, my dear Theodore. I attach very little importance to the discovery of the pistol as a means towards discovering the murder. I said you might take it to Scotland Yard if you liked—that was all."

"I should like to do so. I should feel better satisfied ——"

"Oh, satisfy yourself by all means," interrupted Lord Cheriton impatiently. "You set great upon the science of circumstantial evidence. There is the pistol," taking it out of a drawer in the large writing table. "Do what you like with it."

"You are not offended with me, I hope?"

"No, I am only tired—tired of this whole business, and of the everlasting talk there has been about it. If it is a vendetta; if the hand that killed Godfrey Carmichael has to kill me, and my daughter, and her son—if my race is to be eradicated from the face of this earth by an unappeasable hatred I cannot help my fate. I cannot parry the impending blow. Can you or Scotland Yard protect me from my foe, Theodore."

"Scotland Yard may find your foe and lock him up."

"I doubt it. But do as you please."

Theodore's train left Winchester at nine o'clock. There was a still earlier train at seven, by which farmers and other enterprising girls who wanted to take time by the forelock were accustomed to travel; but to be in time for the nine o'clock train Theodore had to leave Cheriton at a quarter to eight, to drive in the distant town in the dog-cart made and provided for station work and drawn by one of two smart cobs kept for the purpose.

He left the park by the west gate, that he had to wait longer than usual for the opening of the gate; and when the chubby-cheeked maid-servant came down the steps with a key in her hand and unlocked the gate, there was that in her manner which indicated a fluttered mind.

"Oh, if you please, sir, I'm sorry to keep you waiting so long, but I couldn't find the key just at first, though I thought I'd hung it up on the nail last night after I locked the gate—but I was so upset at my mistress leaving so suddenly—never saying a word about it before-hand—that I hardly knew what I was doing."

Theodore stopped the groom as he drove through the gate. He had a few minutes to spare, and could afford himself time to question the girl, who had a look of desiring to be interrogated.

"What is this about your mistress leaving suddenly?" he asked. "Do you mean that Mrs. Porter has gone away—on a journey?"

"Yes, indeed, sir. She that never left home before since I was a child—for I've known her ever since I can remember, and never knew her to be away for so much as a single night. And the first thing this morning when I was lighting the kitchen fire she opens the door and just looks in and says—'Mary, I'm off to London. Don't expect me back till you see me. There's a letter on the parlor table,' she says. 'Let it lie there till it's called for—don't you touch it, nor yet the bed, and she shuts the kitchen door and walks off just as quietly as if she were going to early church, as she has done many a time before. It was dreadful fright, it was that upset that I knelt before the stove a good few minutes before I could realize that she was gone—and then I ran out and looked after her. She was almost out of sight, walking up the lane towards Cheriton."

"Had she no luggage—did she take nothing with her?"

"Nothing. Not so much as a hand bag."

"What then was this?"

"It struck six a few minutes after I went back to the kitchen."

"What about the letter—and the box your mistress spoke of?"

"There they are, sir, on the parlor table, where she left them. I'm not going to touch them," said the girl, with emphasis. "She told me not, and I'm not going against her."

"To whom is the letter addressed?"

"Do you mean who it's for, sir?"

"Yes."

"It's for his lordship—and it's to lie there till his lordship sends for it."

"In that case I may as well give it to his lordship's servant, who can take it up to the house presently."

"I don't know if that will be right, sir. She said it was to be called for."

"Then we will let it lie. I, his lordship's cousin, and James, his lordship's groom. Won't that do for you?"

"I suppose that will be right, sir," the girl answered doubtfully. "The letter and the box are both on the table, and I wasn't to interfere with either of 'em, and I'm not going to do it. That's all I can say."

The girl was swollen with the importance of her mission as being associated with a mystery, and she was also in lively dread of her very severe mistress, who might come down the lane at any moment and surprise her in some act of deviation.

Theodore passed her by and went into the sitting-room where he had taken tea with the Kempsters and Cuthbert Ramsay.

A letter lay on the carved oak table in front of the window, and beside the letter there stood a square box of some eighteen inches by nine. The letter was addressed, in a bold, characteristic hand, to Lord Cheriton. To be called for. The box had a small brass plate upon the lid, and a name engraved upon the plate——

THOMAS C. DARCY
9th Foot.

No one who had ever seen such a box before could doubt that this was a pistol case. It was unlocked, and Theodore lifted the lid.

One pistol lay in its place, neatly fitted into the velvet lined receptacle. The place for the second pistol was empty.

Theodore took the Colt's revolver from his pocket and fitted it into the place beside the other pistol. It fitted exactly, and the two pistols were alike in all respects—alike as to size and fashion, alike as to the little silver plate upon the butt, and alike, lastly, in—

Thomas Darcy! Darcy was the name of Evelyn Strangway's husband, and one of those pistols which had mysteriously disappeared from Evelyn Strangway's husband had been found in the well in the fruit garden, and the other in possession of Mrs. Cheriton's groom and pensioner, the humble dependant at his gates, Mrs. Porter.

Theodore changed his mind as to his plan of procedure. He did not send Mrs. Porter's letter to Lord Cheriton by the groom as he had intended, after he himself had been driven to Wiveton. His journey to London might be deferred now; indeed, in his present condition of mind, he was not the man to interview the authorities of Scotland Yard. He left Mrs. Porter's letter in its place beside the pistol case, and wrote a hasty line to his kinsman at Mrs. Porter's dictation, while, where, all the materials for correspondence were arranged ready to his hand.

"The West Lodge, 8.15. Pray come to me here at once, if you can. I have made a terrible discovery. There is a letter for you. Mrs. Porter has gone to London.

He put these lines into an envelope, sealed it, and then took it out to the groom, who was waiting stolidly and patiently in the cob's ears now and again, with an artistic circular movement of the lash, which brought into play all the power and ease of his wrist.

"Drive back to the house with that note as fast you can," said Theodore, "and let his lordship know that I am waiting for him here."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Thy love and hate are both unwise ones, lady."

"Well, Theodore, what is your discovery?" asked Lord Cheriton half an hour later, the two men standing face to face in Mrs. Porter's sitting-room, amidst the silence of the summer morning, a glorious bee buzzing in the brown velvet heart of a tall sunflower, painfully, agonisingly audible to the younger man's strained ears.

"There is a letter, sir. You had better read that before I say anything," answered Theodore.

It was years since he had called his cousin sir, not since he had been a schoolboy, and had been encouraged to open his mind upon politics or cricket, over his single glass of Mouton or La Rose, after dinner. On these occasions a boyish respect for greatness had prompted the ceremonious address; to-day it came to his lips almost unconsciously—as the tone of love suddenly interposed between himself and the man he had esteemed and admired for so many years of his life.

Lord Cheriton held the letter in his hand unopened, while he stood looking at the pistol case, where both pistols occupied their places—one bright and undamaged, the other rusted and spoilt as to outward appearance at least. He was paler than he had been yesterday, and more than he had looked yesterday after he left Mrs. Porter's cottage.

"That is my discovery," said Theodore, pointing to the pistols. "I stopped short in my journey to Scotland Yard when I found that case upon the table here. I thought to secure Juanita and her son from the possibilities of an insatiable hatred—but I don't want to bring trouble—or disgrace—upon you if I can help it. You have always been good to me, Lord Cheriton. You have regarded the claims of kindred—it would be base in me if I were to forget that you are of my own blood—that you have a right to my devotion. Tell me, for God's sake, what I am to do. Trust me, if you can. I know so much already that it will be wisest and best for you to let me know all—so that I may help you to find the murderer and to avoid any reopening of old wounds."

"I doubt if you or anyone else can help me, Theodore," said his cousin wearily, looking straight before him through the open lattice and across the little flower garden where the roses were still in their plenitude of color and perfume. "I doubt if all my experience of life will enable me to help myself even. There is a pass to which a man may come in his life—not wholly by his own fault—at which case seems hopeless. He sees himself suddenly brought to a dead stop, deep in the mire of an impassable road, and he sees the words 'No thoroughfare' staring him in the face. I have come to just that point."

"Oh, but there is always an issue from every difficulty for a man of courage and resolution," said Theodore. "I know you are not a man to be easily broken down by Fate. I am half in the light and half in the dark. It must have been the owner of that pistol who killed Godfrey Carmichael—but how came the case and the fellow pistol into Mrs. Porter's possession? Was she that man's accomplice? And who was he, and what was he, that she should be associated with him?"

"You believe that it was a man who fired that pistol?"

"Most assuredly. I believe it was the man whose wife lived for many years at Myrtle Cottage, Camberwell Grove; the man who called upon a Camberwell to make inquiries about his wife, and who called himself by the name she bore in the neighborhood—the name of Darcy. Darcy may have been only an alias for Darcy, and in that case the man who called upon the agent was the husband of Evelyn Strangway, and the woman who lived for many years in the secluded nest of Myrtle Cottage was old Squire Strangway's only daughter, and Captain Darcy's runaway wife."

"And you think Tom Darcy murdered my son-in law?" asked Lord Cheriton, with a ghastly smile.

"I do."

"And what do you suppose to have been the motive of that unforgiven?"

"Revenge—revenge upon the man who tempted his wife away from him."

"The man who ill-used and neglected his wife—whose conduct drove her from her wretched home, and justified her abandonment of him—was never man enough to conceive such a revenge, or to hate with such hatred. However, in this case we need not enter upon the question of motive. There is one reason why Tom Darcy could be suspected of a part in Sir Godfrey's murder. He died ten years ago, and was buried at my expense in Norwood Cemetery."

"Great God! then who could have fired that pistol?"

"The answer to that question is most likely here, replied Cheriton quietly, as he tore open the envelope of Mrs. Porter's letter.

The letter was brief but comprehensive, and all-sufficing.

"You know now who killed your cherished daughter's husband. If able to like me she will carry her sorrow to the grave. If she is like me all her days will be darkened by cruel memories. Your broken promise blighted my life. I have blighted her life—as my eye for an eye. I told you three-and twenty years ago that a day would come when you would be sorry for having abandoned me. I think that day has come. "EVELYN DARCY."

Lord Cheriton handed the letter to his kinsman without a word.

"Since you know so much of my history you may as well know all," he said; "so know the thorny pillow which a man makes for himself when he sacrifices the best years of his life to an illicit love."

Theodore read those ghastly lines in silence. The signature told all.

"What in Heaven's name brought Evelyn Strangway to the lodge-keeper at the entrance of the house where she was born?" he asked, at last. "How could you permit such a lifelong humiliation?"

"It was her own desire—it was at her insistance I allowed her to come here. I opposed her wish with all my power of argument, with all the strength of opposition. I offered to provide her with a home in town or country—at home or abroad—near at hand or at the Antipodes. I offered to settle four hundred a year upon her—to sink capital to that amount—to make her future and that of—our child—secure against the chances of fate."

"Your child—Mercy!" exclaimed Theodore.

"Yes, Mercy. My daughter and hers. You understand now why she refused my offer. She would take nothing from her father. There was a like perversity in mother and daughter—a determination to make me drink the cup of remorse to the dregs. Oh, Theodore, it is a long and shameful story. To you—for the first time in my life—to one only other human mankind these lips have spoken of it. I have kept my secret. I have brooded upon it in the slow hours of many and many a wakeful night. I have never forgotten—I have not been allowed to forget. If time could have erased or softened that bitter memory under other circumstances I know not; but for me the balm was hopeless. My victim was there, at my gates, a perpetual memento of my folly and my wrong-doing.

"Strange that a woman of refinement and education should elect to fill so degrading a position!

"Perhaps only a refined and highly educated woman could have devised so refined a punishment. 'Live near you,' she pleaded; 'let me live at the gate of the park I loved so well when I was a child—let me see you pass sometimes—open the gate for you and just let you go by—without a word, without a look even upon your part. It will be some consolation for me to my lonely, loveless life. I shall know that at least I am not forgotten. Forgotten; as if it had been possible for me to forget, under the happiest circumstances even if she had made for herself a home in the furthest extremity of Europe, or in the remotest of our colonies. As it was her presence embittered the place I loved—the great reward and delight of my life. Her shadow fell across my young wife's pathway—her influence darkened all my days.

"He began to pace up and down the little room with a feverish air. He seemed to find a sort of relief in talking of this bitterness which he had borne so long in secret—borne with a stoic upon his lips, suffering that silent agony which strong men have borne again and again in the history of mankind, carrying their silent punishment upon them till the grave revealed the hidden canker, and laid bare the festering wound which had rankled unsuspected by the world.

"She was cruelly treated by her husband, Theodore, a young, beautiful woman, married to a profligate and a sot. It had been a love-match, as the world calls it—that is to say, a marriage brought about by a schoolgirl's obstinence to break her bonds, and a woman's first delight in hearing herself called beautiful. She had flung herself away upon an idle, handsome, reprobate; and before four years after marriage she found herself alone and neglected in a shabby lodging in one of the squalidest streets off the Strand. I can see the wretched room she lived in, to-day, as I stand here—the pitiful lodging house furniture, the dingy curtains darkening the dark and dirty window, creeping into the dark and dirty street. What a home for youth and beauty!"

He paused, with an impatient sigh, took another turn across the narrow space, and then resumed:

"Our acquaintance began by accident—under an umbrella. I met them together one night, husband and wife, leaving the little Strand theater in the rain. I heard him tell her that it was not worth while to take a cab, they were so near home; and something in her proud, handsome face and her contemptuous way of replying to him caught my attention and interested me in her. I offered my umbrella, and we all three walked to Essex street together. Just in that fortuitous way began the acquaintance that was to give its color to all my life. The husband cultivated my friendship—was glad to meet me at his club—and dined with me as often as I cared to ask him. We used to go to Essex street after dining together and finish the evening with her, and so by degrees I came to know all about her—that she was the only daughter of the owner of Cheriton Chase, in my part of the country; that she was very handsome, and very clever, though only half-educated; that she had offended her father by her marriage, and that she had not brought her husband a penny; that he neglected her, and that he drank; and that she was miserable. I came to know this very soon—I knew it very soon to love her. She was the first woman I had ever cared for, and I loved her passionately.

"He took another turn, and sighed again, regretfully, despairingly, as one who looks back upon the pallid ghost of a love that has long been dead.

"It began with pity. I was so sorry for her, poor soul, her wasted life, her blighted beauty. God knows that for a long time I had no thought of sin. Gradually the yearning to see more of her, to bring some brightness and relaxation into her life, became too strong for prudence, and I persuaded her to meet me unknown to her husband. We planned little luncheons, as I remember, in the Hampstead morning drive and a modest luncheon at Richmond, or Greenwich, or Jack Straw's Castle, a place in Hampstead Cricket, and by boat or rail. She had hardly any acquaintance in London, and there was little fear of her being recognized. We used to a theater together now and then, and sat in a dark stage box, happy, talking of an impossible future in the intervals of the performance. I never saw her without, but I think we had both a vague idea that Providence would help us—that her husband would die young, and leave us free to be married together. Yes, we were very fond of each other, very single-hearted in those days. She was only two-and-twenty, remember, and I was still a young man.

"Another pause, another sigh, and a look across the roses, as if across the long lapse of years to an unforgiven past.

"Heaven knows how long we might have gone on in this way, without sin, if not without treachery to the husband, who cared so little for his wife that it seemed scarcely dishonorable to deceive him. The climax was forced upon us by circumstances. I was surprised a lover of mine, asking Evelyn to meet me at a theater. He attacked his wife brutally, refused to believe anything about our friendship, except the worst. He called her by names that were new and hideous to her ear, and her soul rose up in arms against him. She defied him, ran out of the house, and came to me to my chambers in the foggy November evening. She came to me helpless, friendless, with no one in this wide world to care for her or protect her, except me. This was the turning-point. Of course she could not stay there to be seen by my clerk and my laundress. I had to Torquay that night, and we spent the winter moving from village to village along that picturesque coast. We talked of how Darcy would apply for a divorce, and that in less than a year I might make the woman I loved my wife. I rejoiced in the thought of his obscurity and hers. The record of the case would pass unnoticed in the papers, and years hence, when I should have made a position at the bar, nobody need know that the wife I loved and honored was once the runaway wife of another man. I had argued without allowing for the malignity of a cur. Darcy wrote his wife one of the most diabolical letters that ever was penned by man; he wreaked his venom upon her—beaten her, the weaker sinner; he called her by all the vile epithets in his copious vocabulary, and he told her that she should never have her husband's name—that women were for that he would sooner hang himself than divorce her. And so she was to drag her chain for the rest of his life, and we were to pay the bitter price of having thrown herself away upon a low-bred scoundrel.

"Hard luck for both of you," said Theodore.

"Yes, it was indeed hard luck. If you could know how truly and deeply I loved her in those days—how completely happy we should have been in each other's society, but for the embittering consciousness of our false position, of her hopeless servitude from a cause for divorce, we naturally hoped for a day when we should be released by his death. His habits were such that it looked very probable.

"We talked of the future—we had our plans and dreams about that life which was to be ours when we should be free, and married in large income, and when she would be really my wife. With that hope before her she was content to live in the shadow of her position, to economize in every detail of our existence, to know no pleasure except that of my society. Never did a man and woman more sincerely believe in a more unselfish existence—and yet I believe for the first few years she was happy. We were both happy—and we were full of hope.

"I remember the day she first suggested to me that I should buy racehorses. I had been in camp into the market, I was beginning to be known as a hard-riding young man, and big fees marked upon my briefs, and I had taken silk. I had made my name, and I was earning money. Yet the suggestion that I should buy a large estate was too wild for any one but a woman to have made. From that hour, however, I was Evelyn's slave. I was her passionate love for her birthplace, and overweening pride in her race and name. She urged me to buy Cheriton, and I would do it, though I sacrificed at half its value, perhaps,—would go for an old song. She became rigidly economical, I hardly knew how, for herself, in her gown, and her keenest delight was in the deposit notes I brought her, as my money accumulated in the Union Bank, ready for the purchase of investments, or interest for my accumulations. Her notions about money were a child's notions—the notions of a large sum to be laid by for some of her kart; and the desire of her heart was Cheriton Chase.

"God knows I was honest and earnest enough in those days. I meant to buy that estate, for her sake, if it was possible to be done. I meant to marry her directly she was free to become my wife. My facility had not wavered after a union of a dozen years or more—but Darcy was very far from dying. He had hunted out his wife's hiding place, and had worried

To Be Rid of Him.

When John Winston fell in love with Laura Clinker, people fell to pitying the stricken swain, because, they said, she was not worthy of him; and they wondered at his strange infatuation for a girl whom they made no ado about calling fast. It was openly said that he was throwing himself away, and the gossips declared that they had not the least doubt that the girl would snap up John as a prize.

To their utter surprise, however, Miss Clinker, instead of appearing flattered at the attentions of Mr. Winston, seemed to consider them as distasteful in the extreme; for she affected great disdain, openly snubbed him, and otherwise treated him badly. At this the onlookers, instead of giving her credit for not permitting her wooer to throw himself away, only inveighed against her the more bitterly for what they termed a lack of good sense in not appreciating the work of the man who sought her hand in marriage.

The good folks who were thus taking a hand in the love affairs of this young couple were the cause of a certain amount of the disdain and snubbing with which Miss Clinker treated John Winston, for he had the characteristics which command respect from women; he was a straightforward, manly fellow, with a good head for business, and as honest as a man can be. He was, beside, a good looking and well favored man, and properly deferential to women. Again, he was well off, and his morals were unimpeachable.

When John first felt his heart pierced with the arrows of Cupid, in his honorable way he let Miss Clinker and everybody else see his love. Perhaps if he had not pushed his courtship so rigorously the object of his affections might not have refused him, and would have glided at once into loving him in return in a very little while; but his ardent pursuit aroused her combativeness, and she treated him as before mentioned.

It was a gross libel on her, however, to call her fast. She was a healthy young girl who bubbled over with innocent animal spirits. To her the world was fair and good, and to be enjoyed. She was in the heyday of her youth, and knew it, and was for making the most of it. She had no patience with the affectations and airs of many of her girl acquaintances, and showed her feelings so plainly that they naturally retaliated.

Miss Clinker, however, was pleased with the company of men, and they appreciated her good taste; here was her greatest crime, and it caused the ill-natured to apply the term "fast" to her.

She was not a handsome girl, in face, at all events, for her features were irregular and her mouth large. But then she was tall, and had a queenly carriage. Her figure was magnificently proportioned, and her complexion clear and beautiful. Her gray blue eyes shone with a sweet light. Her mouth, though large, was formed of pretty curves and ripe red lips.

John Winston was not slow in perceiving the coldness with which his suit was received, but did not appear in the least bit discouraged; he kept right on, just as though he was the most favored suitor in the world. He waited on her wherever she went, paid her the most marked attentions, and called on her at her home so persistently that at length Laura came positively to dislike him, and one morning, after an evening of what she had come to consider as more than ordinary persecution, she went to her aunt, her only living relative, and announced her intention of going to the country on a visit to a former schoolmate to get away from the hoyden wretch, and laying special injunctions on that good lady not to reveal to Mr. Winston her place of retreat, she departed.

Alas for the plans of the persecuted maiden! With the best intentions in the world of keeping the secret, her aunt was no match for the love stricken young man, for whom she had a covert liking; as a consequence, that young gentleman was soon in possession of all he wanted to know.

Imagine Laura's disgust, therefore, about a week later, as she was comfortably curled up in a little grove beside a babbling stream, reading the latest novel, to see him appear before her! She sprang to her feet, and exclaimed in anger and surprise,—

"You here, John Winston! Pray what do you want?"

"I want to see you," he answered calmly, and coolly sitting down on the trunk of a fallen tree close by.

"Well, I don't want to see you, at any rate; and now that you have attained your laudable object, I hope you will take yourself back to where you came from. You have no right to follow me, Mr. Winston."

"I want to marry you, and if you had gone to Greenland I should have followed to tell you so. If you had not run away, perhaps I should not have confessed this so soon."

"But I don't want to marry you. I don't love you. On the contrary, I hate you!"

"I don't believe you hate me. It is not in your nature to hate any one. You may not love me, but I am willing to risk that if you will become my wife. If you refuse me now I shall ask you again some time, and again and again," replied John, with great coolness.

His audacity nearly took her breath away. The idea of being teased to marry him was awful. He would keep his word, she felt sure. How to escape was the question. Suddenly there flashed across her a means, an idea that probably no other girl would have thought of. Without a moment's hesitation she put her thoughts in words.

"John Winston, if I marry you, will you give me your word of honor that you will go away at once, and never come near me except I give you leave, and not tell any one of our marriage?"

It was now John's turn to be astonished. However, he was a wise man in his generation, so he answered without any hesitation,—

"I promise all you ask."

"Then I'll marry you right away; the sooner it's over the sooner I shall be rid of you; for to do you justice, John Winston, I never knew you to break you word."

Saying this, she picked up and put on her head an old sun-bonnet lying on the ground, and started from the grove, closely followed by her lover.

So this strange pair were married. An hour later she bade him good-bye at the station in the most matter of fact way, having spent the interim in impressing on him the necessity of his keeping his word.

After John had gone Laura returned to the house of her friend, feeling inexpressibly relieved. She was rid of the man who had been persecuting her. She did not feel one atom of regret at what she had done.

For three weeks longer Laura remained with her friend, during which time she never heard in any way of her husband. At the expiration of that period she returned home, to find that most of her acquaintances had gone away for the summer. After a few days she felt so lonely that she consented to send a note to John, giving him permission to call on the following evening, and smiled to think of the eagerness with which he would come; and her heart softened toward him a little as she remembered that he had always been ready to gratify her slightest wish.

To her infinite surprise, however, at the appointed time John did not appear, neither did he send a note of apology; and she expressed her feelings openly to her aunt.

"Why, my dear," replied that lady in a tone of mild surprise, "didn't you know that Mr. Winston received and accepted an invitation, two weeks after you went away, to join a hunting party that left immediately for the West, to be gone for six months or more!"

Laura looked aghast.

"What! gone away without telling me anything about it!"

"I don't know, my dear, but it strikes me that your treatment of him was not of a character to invite confidence on his part," replied her aunt with a meaning smile.

Laura blushed, and hurriedly changed the subject. She felt as though she had been on the point of betraying herself. She was hurt and angry, unreasonable though it may seem. He was her husband, she indignantly thought, and had no right to go away without telling her; forgetting that he had in so doing rigidly kept his word.

Little by little she began to miss him more and more, and by-and-by it dawned upon her that she loved with all her heart the man she had married to be rid of. She glowed in the knowledge that came to her, and that he was her husband, while it gave her pain and anxiety that she did not know of his whereabouts.

Her aunt, who had been watching her closely, formed a pretty good idea of what was going on in the mind of Laura, and now thought it time to act; so she one evening sent a short letter by post, and waited with smiling contentment for the *denouement*.

It was perhaps six weeks after this that Laura, who was seated at her piano, idly running her fingers over the keys, heard well known footsteps outside. She arose, pale and trembling. A man entered.

"John!" she cried.

"Laura!"

In another moment she found herself in a strong embrace, and felt warm kisses pressed on her lips and face.

An hour later, as they sat side by side on the sofa, Laura looked up at John with a rosy face, and said with a happy little laugh,—

"Do you know, John, I think I like you better as a husband than I did as a lover!"

The Poor and the Luxuries of the Hospital.

We can hardly conceive, says *Blackwood's Magazine*, the possibility of having pleasant remembrance of a brain fever in a hospital ward, although it introduced us to such delicacies as chicken and oranges. Yet we do not know. Everything so entirely depends on the point of view. The great whitewashed ward, with its double rows of beds and its austere military uniformity, strikes one as cheerless and depressing in the extreme.

But on second thoughts we realize how clean, soft and comfortable the beds really are, and we remember that severe military system extends to the prompt and punctilious attendance which anticipates each possible want.

What must it be, after becoming deliriously unconscious in the almost palpable darkness and the foul stenches of some overcrowded cellar in the slums, to waken to a different life, in fragrant linen, in an airy hall of palatial proportions, and in the delicious langour of wholesome warmth? Instead of turning in disgust from fragments of strong-smelling cheese, and crusts of bread as black and dry as dust and ashes, to have the palate tempted by seductive liquids and luscious fruits, leading on to such light dishes of a sensual Elysium as the pauper for the best of reasons, had never dreamed of.

We know no way in which practical charity may be better bestowed than in contributing to fairly well-managed hospitals.

Strange Illusion.

The late venerable Bishop Mantie was sometimes a victim of singular aberrations of mind, and was in this respect no mean rival of Neander and Sir Isaac Newton. Sitting one day in his study, as usual, deeply absorbed in his Coptic-Aethiopic researches, he wanted a certain manuscript, a valuable papyrus roll, and got up to look for it in his cabinet. Impatient at not finding it at once, he placed the lamp which he held in his hand on one of the shelves of the cabinet, and set both his hands in turning over the papers until he came to the wished-for document.

"Eureka! Got it at last!" he exclaimed in his excitable way, flourishing the MS. in one hand while he slammed the door with the other, leaving the lamp in the bookcase and himself in sudden darkness. Our dear old Bishop was thunderstruck and alarmed, for he thought he had been struck blind. His lamentations and cries of alarm roused the sleeping household. His man-servant rushed into the room with a light; still the Prelate persisted in his assertion that he had been smitten with temporary blindness. Is was not until some time afterwards that the burning lamp was discovered in the cabinet.

He Should Have Been Tied Behind.

"Man overboard!" shouted an excited passenger on an Atlantic liner, as he hastily left his place at the dinner table and scrambled up the companionway. An affrighted crowd of ladies and gentlemen followed him. He was wildly expostulating with the captain on deck when they surrounded him with eager inquiries, "Where is he!—who is he!" they demanded, and the originator of the scare laid his hand upon his breast and said, with melodramatic air: "Here he is! I am the man overbored. I have been compelled to sit four days at the same table with three men who can't talk about anything but the Irish question. I want my place changed, or I'll get out and walk!" He was forgiven and a new subject was introduced at dinner.

A Clever Revenge.

A Paris physician showed both skill and wit in rebuking what—perhaps justly—he regarded as the impertinence of a celebrated but very vain and overbearing French painter in Paris.

The pet dog of this artist was taken ill, and his owner had the audacity to send for one of the leading physicians in the capital, on the assumption that a veterinary surgeon was not good enough for the valuable dog of so great a personage as himself.

The physician who had been honored with the summons was at first quite shocked at the impertinence of the notion, but soon recovered his equanimity, and returned the following message to the knight of the brush:

"Would Monsieur M—— be good enough to step over to my house, as I have a couple of new window shutters that want painting."

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Mr. Wimple—Let her go. I want to get my money's worth, anyhow.

He got it.—*Judge.*

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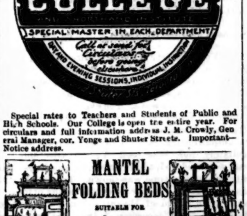

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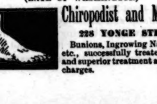

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Luck.

Among other teachings of the goody-goody sort which we at one time were ready to accept implicitly on the word of the Sunday school teacher and moral essayist, but which a wider experience of the world is continually discrediting, is the saying that there is no such thing as luck. "Prosperity," we have been told a thousand times, "is merely the reward of hard work, sobriety, steady application. Luck is a delusion. It is pluck that wins." It is just as well to give young men these incentives to exertion and warn them against relying on luck, but it is nonsense to assert that it is not a very considerable factor in the struggle. Who does not know men who systematically violate all the rules of copy book morality—who are neither industrious, nor saving, nor honest, nor clever—who nevertheless succeed in life, push their way and become wealthy and therefore respectable? Everything seems to favor them. They lose situations because of carelessness or incompetence, and inside of a week drop into better ones, while a hundred of the plodding, industrious and steady fellows are seeking for a chance in vain. The lucky man buys a house, and before the ink is dry on the agreement some man comes along and gives him a thousand dollars on his bargain. He fails in business not without a strong suspicion of crooked dealing and everybody thinks he is done for, but he gets credit in some mysterious manner and in a month or so is on his feet again. Everything he touches seems to turn out well, though there is no single element in the man's character which seems either to deserve or invite success. According to all the rules of Benjamin Franklin and others who have attempted to formulate the conditions of success in life, he ought to come to poverty and disgrace. But somehow he doesn't. It is unaccountable except on the ground of luck. On the other hand how many men there are who are apparently born unlucky, who are chronic failures in whatever they undertake, through no fault of their own. Whenever they buy the market is sure to fall. When they take a partner or employ an agent he swindles them. Strive and save as they may the battle goes against them and the only reason that can be fairly assigned is ill luck. One of the Rothschilds is said to have made it a rule never to have dealings with an unlucky man. Harsh and arbitrary as such a determination seems it indicates a good deal of shrewd worldly wisdom. There are unlucky men in whose hands nothing prospers. It is folly, of course, for any man to rely on his luck to the neglect of the ordinary conditions of success. Other things being equal prudence, industry and integrity are sure to tell, and the thrifty and persevering man as a rule is able to command success in the long run. But the rule has many exceptions and the element of luck frequently upsets the balance and baffles all calculations.

Pessimism in Public Affairs.

One of the most characteristic features of modern popular opinion is a profound and almost universal disbelief in the sincerity of those who take a prominent part in public affairs. The cleanest record will not shield any man from suspicion of self-seeking and a desire to use his influence for personal advancement, and the misfortune is that in nine cases out of ten the suspicion is more or less well founded. "What is his little game?" is the question which we instinctively ask ourselves when listening to some brilliant, able and apparently, devoted champion of some political or social reform. "What does he expect to make out of it?" The possibility—only a slight one perhaps—that he may be really in earnest and acting independently of all personal considerations does not often occur to us. No intelligent man now takes a newspaper article at its face value as really expressing the opinions of the editor. We read between the lines in the attempt to discover the real significance and interpret the hidden as distinguished from the pretended motives of its publication. The cynical French adage that "language was given to enable us to conceal our thoughts" was never more implicitly believed or faithfully acted upon. This pessimistic frame of mind on the part of the thinking portion of the community is largely justified by experience. We have come to distrust men because our confidence in the past has been so often betrayed, because we have time and again seen those who had won a great following by their loud and lofty professions kick over the ladder by which they rose. Begotten by widespread political demoralization this deep-seated scepticism as to men's motives tends to perpetuate the evil which engendered it. The difficulties of any new departure are immensely increased by it. The young men are growing up with the idea that public life is all a game of cards, and either avoid politics as a dirty business or enter the arena determined that they, too, will watch their chance and sell their influence in the best market. Obviously people are much less easily moved than formerly by appeals to principle and the sense of right. Volumes of exhortation, argument and denunciation are poured forth from press and pulpit and platform upon moral and social questions of vital importance having a bearing upon political issues, but the response is feeble and half-hearted as compared with the energy expended. It is the hardest thing in the world to arouse more than a fitful blaze of enthusiasm, which dies away as soon as any severe strain is applied. What is the reason if it is not that the average citizen has made up his mind that all leaders, or would-be leaders, of public opinion are a lot of self-seekers and hypocrites, with axes of their own to grind, and that it is very little use trying to mend matters. They are tired of new departures which fail to depart; of the frequent attempts to put the new wine of genuinely liberal and progressive thought into the old bottles of faction and wire-pulling with the inevitable result. It is a great deal easier to indicate the disease than to point out any effectual remedy and certainly the extent to which the public have lost faith in the possibility of honesty and sincerity in the world of politics and moral reform, is a bad sign for our national future.

MUSIC

The resources of the Conservatory of Music, in regard to pupils whose labors entitle them to public recognition, seemed practically illimitable on Thursday evening of last week, when the programme occupied nearly three hours in performance. The alternation of piano and voice was kept up in the most interesting manner. I am almost tempted to depart from the safe custom, when speaking of pupils' recitals, of not creating any distinctions by naming the individuals whose excellence is predominant, and I think that reference to Miss Birdie McKeown and Miss Annie Rose may be forgiven me, in recognition of their sweet voices. Mr. J. A. Macdonald was similarly noticeable, not only by his fine singing of Meyer Helmund's Margaretha, but also by the fact that he was the only masculine vocalist. The piano playing was excellent, Miss Dallas, Miss Ethelind Thomas, and Mr. J. D. A. Tripp being distinguishing factors of whom the Conservatory may well be proud. The Conservatory Orchestra, under Mr. Giuseppi Dinelli, gave very satisfactory renderings of the final movement from Haydn's Second Symphony, and of the Martha overture. Enough of the Conservatory pupils were performers to give the band its name, and all acquitted themselves very creditably. The piano playing of little Miss Francisca Heinrich was the theme of many admiring comments. Little Miss Lodemie White and Miss Ethelind Thomas bore evidence to the excellence of Mons. Boucher's teaching of the violin, while the 'cello department was well represented by Miss Lilian Littlehales, a pupil of Mr. Dinelli. The great heat did not prevent a large proportion of the audience from sitting out the whole programme.

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With the usual perversity of cruel fortune, a chamber concert was given on the same evening which I was unable to attend but I heard very warm praise of Herr Ernst Mahr's violoncello playing and of the piano playing of the College pupils. The general excellence of the work now done by both institutions makes one ask why the gentlemen who are busily engaged during the regular season in other establishments should look upon Toronto as a congenial sort of pasture to spend the dogdays in. Every summer brings us one of these gentlemen, especially of the voice teacher persuasion, who spends a few weeks here, unsettles the work our local teachers have done, puts down their methods and, being seldom lacking in a sense of his own worthiness, does not hesitate to proportionately cry up his own ways and means of imparting instruction.

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Now, a little common sense applied to this question will do no harm. It would look as if our schools and private teachers were inadequate or insufficient to provide proper training, if public support and countenance were afforded to these peripatetic summerers. That this is not the case may fairly be premised by the work shown lately by our own teachers as a result of comparatively short tuition, principally of a fundamental nature. And as time progresses so will the pupil. The reputation, greater or less, that these visitors enjoy, is not the result of a few weeks' work on a young singer, but rather that of a severe course of training covering several years, that time being long enough to secure conscientious work on the part of both teacher and pupil. Now, in the name of common sense, what can such a teacher do in five short weeks?

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He can only upset the partially finished work of his predecessors, resort to the favorite device of short-term teachers, that of giving a labored increase of compass, and exclaim in pride: "She has three more high notes than she had before!" These people have been here before, yet what lasting benefit have their pupils shown? A significant fact is that none of our visitors have favored us with a second term. Oh; no! that is a result they do not look forward to, in this cable, both cause and effect is apparent to all who will take the trouble to look for them. If these gentlemen would come here and become good citizens of our city, pay rent and taxes and labor faithfully and carefully as our own teachers have to do, all interested in the progress of music would welcome them, but to expect great results from a short course of ten lessons is manifestly absurd.

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The Vocal Society enjoyed a most pleasant excursion to the beautiful grounds of the Canadian Assembly at Niagara, where a fine rural day was spent in the concert of new-mown hay and clover blossoms. The evening brought a short but sweet concert, which was very well attended. The society was awkwardly placed in the amphitheatre, being arranged in rows immediately under the roof. Yet its selections were well rendered, and a wonderful steadiness in both tone and time was shown. The society has rarely given a better rendering of any of its music than it did of Pinsuti's When Hands Meet, on this occasion. The fine song of the Vikings and the jolly Cruiskeen Lawn received vigorous and spirited treatment. Mr. Haslam secured abundantly satisfactory results from necessarily short and few practices. Mrs. Agnes Thomson sang Una Voce in the most artistic manner, her voice not only filling the large structure, but even brightening the circumambient air. Her encore, Comin' Thro' the Rye, was the signal for warm and well-deserved applause. Her other songs, Meyer Helmund's Cuckoo and La Naranjera by Sciondopole, (what a name!) were gems which elicited a degree of applause that could only be quelled by the announcement that the Chicora was waiting, and that encores must be abolished for the nonce. Mr. Harry M. Field played at his best and gave delightful renderings of Schumann's Aria, and Liszt's Waltz, and Liszt's Polonaise in E Major. Mr. Schuch received applause for his singing of 'Tis All I Have to Say, and Norman's Tower. The accompaniments were well played by Mr. E. W. Phillips and Mr. D. E. Fralick.

•

Dominion Day passed with lots of band music, but I am sorry to say that while I heard English, Scotch, Irish, French and German music galore, I did not hear one bar of essentially Canadian music. We are not so utterly poverty stricken in this branch of national effort, but that a little pains and a little genius would have enabled our bandmasters to make at least a *potpourri* of Canadian songs, and to have added their unit to the general patriotism of the day. The sources for this music are readily at hand. The College Song Book would have afforded quite a sufficiency which could have been well made use of. That this was not done is an act of remissness on the part of the band authorities for which they deserve severe censure. It looks as if they were too languid and too indifferent to take a little trouble when everybody else was thrilled with pride in our growing young Dominion. At the next celebration the committee should make it a *sine qua non* that some Canadian music should be introduced into the musical festivities of the day.

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Our young Canadian violiniste, Miss Norah Clench, is now doing great credit in England to her old teacher, Mr. J. W. Baumann. She played recently at Oxford and won great honors.

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Mr. Arthur E. Fisher and Mr. E. W. Phillips started for England this week and will spend the summer in the Old Country. Mr. F. H. Torrington goes to the seaside, and his place in the Metropolitan Church will be taken by Mr. Percy V. Greenwood, who returned from England last week. Mr. Sydney Ashdown and his young bride, daughter of Mr. Scott of the *Colonies and India*, arrived here on Wednesday of last week. Mr. Guiseppi Dinelli will take charge of the organ of the Church of the Redeemer in August.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

The New York *Mercury* commenting on the tendency of the drama of to-day says: It is certain that the coming season will afford a surfeit of premature baby stars and of women ambitious to reach the stellar spheres through the much-trodden path of domestic and social scandal. The production of Little Lord Fauntleroy was the beginning of a new and temporarily successful industry, which has developed so rapidly that the demand is at present greater than the supply and necessitates a great deal of overtime work in the manufacture of child actors to supply the baby drama market. There are probably twenty Fauntleroys in the field with their black velvet harness ready for use, besides a dozen others who are to prattle in new productions. There is no doubt, however that the supply will soon exceed the demand, for the reason that so soon as playgoers realize that any child of ordinary intelligence can be parroted and drilled into speaking and acting parts on the stage, the enthusiasm begotten of the novelty will be replaced by apathy, and then the occupations of the baby actors and their trainers will be gone. Children can memorize a part much quicker than their elders, and with patience they are soon taught to acquire the business (action), which is always, when invested of stage glamour, more or less mechanical. Children as a rule are obedient; hence, after reasonable practice, they perform their allotted tasks with marked precision. French dramatists nearly always seize upon children for their strong emotional effects and employ them to moisten long scenes of matrimonial infelicity because the innocence and infantile prattle of verbal mood-goodies always find a sympathetic response in front of the house. Already kid acting, as it is technically called, is being overdone and will work its own cure.

•

Anyone who keeps an eye on the stage must admit that there is more truth than poetry in the following paragraph from an American paper: "'All the world's a stage,' So said William of Avon. All the world is going on the stage, might be said in this callow day of the new era. What more can notoriety, enviable or unenviable, do for a pretty woman except give her a chance to air her undramatic charms in the glare of the footlights. The stage has changed, in a century ago, genius drew. Twenty years ago, beauty, combined with a cute kick, a saucy, rollicking piquancy, or an infectious laugh, filled the stalls, and made Lottas and Almees rich. Ten years ago came costumes and scenery in lieu of genius or beauty, and now scandal has supplanted all other attractions, and is in itself all sufficient. Whoso is divorced, abandoned, criminally tried and acquitted, or in any other way has become eligible to a column of fame or infamy in a metropolitan journal, is at once a prize for the manager. The greater the scandal, the greater the drawing powers of the coming star."

•

Forrest on one occasion was rehearsing a tragedy, and spoke to one of his "warriors," who entered in a slouching, undignified manner.

"Don't come in like that," he shouted in a disgusted tone, "but like this," and he showed him an impressive entrance.

"But, Mr. Forrest," said the man, "if I could come in like that do you think I would be working for eight dollars a week?"

"Is that all you get?" asked Forrest, indignantly.

"Yes," answered the poor actor.

"Well," exclaimed Forrest, walking away "come in as you d——n please!"

•

A Chinese dramatic company has been playing recently in New York much to the edification of many who have gone to see them. Their make-up is something quite extraordinary. There are no female players, but the male players perform women's parts with such skill that it is difficult to believe they are not women, the imitation of the feminine voice and gesture being absolutely perfect. The costumes of the company are almost too gorgeous for description, some of the garments being said to be worth thousands of dollars

•

They were giving She Stoops to Conquer the other day in a small provincial town. A penni less individual, anxious to see the play, stalked past the ticket office in a careless, independent sort of way. When stopped and asked by what right he went in without paying, he replied:

"By what right! I am Oliver Goldsmith, the author of the piece they are going to perform!"

"Ah! beg pardon, sir," said the checktaker, making a bow.

And Goldsmith walked in to see his play.

•

A well-known theatrical manager, who has been out of the country for the past three months, returned last week, and on looking over the routes of the dramatic companies found out his wife's address and wrote her a letter. In a few days he received the following answer: "Mr. ——, I was more than astonished to receive your letter. You surely have heard of my divorce and remarriage to Mr. ——. With best wishes, yours, M." He had not heard of it; but opened wine for the house.

•

At the recent Ballos Artistes of the Paris Opera Sarah Bernhardt appeared as the conductor of an orchestra of one hundred and twenty musicians, with Coquelin as the leader of the violins. Late in the evening, when they played the Infernal Quadrille, which was danced with diabolical spirit, Coquelin cut such antics that he broke his bow and then smashed his violin over the head of a dancer, all with immense enthusiasm.

•

George C. Miln who, it will be remembered, forsook the pulpit for the stage and who was somewhat unsuccessful in his financial experiences on this continent, has, it is said, made a brilliant success in Australia. A wave of Shakespearean popularity is going over that country at present, and Miln is on its summit.

•

The Chicago *News* says: "Our valued townsman, Benjamin P. Hutchinson, vulgarly called Old Hutch, attended the first performance of Little Lord Fauntleroy night before last, and wept like a hired girl grating horseradish."

•

Lotta will positively not play in America during the coming season.

Expert Testimony.

Little Nan, of four summers, considering it her duty to entertain a lady who is waiting for mamma, enters into conversation——

Nan—Have you got any little girls?

The Caller—Yes, I have two.

Nan—D—do you ever have to whip 'em?

The Caller—I'm afraid I have to, sometimes.

Nan—What do you whip 'em with?

The Caller (amused)—Oh, when they've been very naughty, I take my slipper.

Nan (most feelingly, as mamma enters)—Y-yo-you ought to use a hair-brush; my mamma does, and it hurts awfully.—*Life.*

Not So Bad.

"I want you," said a detective to a stranger he had been shadowing around town for an hour.

"Am I arrested?"

"You are."

"And got to be locked up?"

"Yes."

"Well, go ahead. I knew it would come sooner or later, and I'm glad it's off my mind. Yes, I stole Charlie Ross."

"Oh, you did," replied the detective. "If that's all I'll let you go. I suspected you of stealing an overcoat."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Definitions.

Mrs. Henpeck (to Mr. H., who is reading)—Your little son just asked you a question, and you didn't even notice him. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, and I shall——

Mr. Henpeck—I didn't hear him.

Mrs. H.—Oh, no, you never hear when a member of your own family speaks to you. You are deaf to the very ones you should love and cherish, deaf to——

Mr. H.—What does he want to know?

Mrs. H.—He asked you what a hermit was.

Mr. H.—A hermit, my son, is a man who loves peace and quiet.

Only One Place For Him.

Prominent Politician—I have done a good many favors for you, and now I'd like you to put a friend of mine on your paper.

Great Editor—What do he do for a reporter?

"No, he haven't any legs."

"Um—might make an exchange editor, perhaps!"

"He couldn't read the newspapers. He's blind."

"Poor fellow! Can he hear?"

"No, deaf as a post. He is a fine writer, though, and he has a lively imagination."

"Good! I will appoint him London correspondent."

A Base Game.

"Well!" ejaculated old Mrs. Hazle, laying down the paper; "I never heard of such awful doings! The paper says that Folsom stole three bases, Hobson was knocked out of the box, and Gilkinson was hammered all over the field! And nobody was murdered! I s'pose that's why it is called baseball!"—and she heavily emphasized the "base."

A Scarce Variety.

A woman, in sending an order to a florist's for some flower seeds, included in the list the "pink of politeness" and the "flower of chivalry." She said she had frequently read about these flowers in the newspapers, but had never seen them growing. The florist had none in stock, and informed his customer that they were becoming rarer every year.

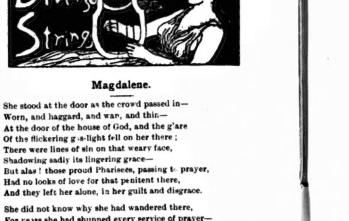
A Gentle Hint.

Paterfamilias (serenely)—There was a young gentleman with you in the parlor last night?

Sweet Girl (gently)—Yes, pa—Mr. Stayer.

"And it was after eleven before he went home, miss. I'd like to know what kept him so late."

"Well, pa, you looked so angrily at me when you came in and saw him that I guess he thought I needed a protector, and so he stayed until he thought you were asleep."



Magdalene.

She stood at the door as the crowd passed in—
Worn, haggard, and wan, and thin—
At the door of the house of God, and the g'are
Of the flickering gas-light fell on her there;
There were lines of sin on that weary face,
Shadowing sadly its lingering grace—
But alas! those proud Pharisees, passing to prayer,
Had no looks of love for that penitent there,
And they left her alone, in her guilt and disgrace.

She did not know why she had wandered there,
For years she had shunned every service of prayer—
Calloused with sin and hardened with hate,
She endured the scourge of a pitiless fate;
A stranger to pity, for none ever came nigh,
Weary of living, yet fearing to die—
Bewildered she stood in the flickering glare,
But only a frown, or a scornful stare,
Came from the worshippers passing by.

Where was her home, and how she had fared,
Nobody knew and nobody cared,
And few of them thought, as they passed to prayers,
That she had a soul as immortal as theirs;
For she was the leper cidely spurned,
The outcast, for whom no tenderness yearned—
Unpitied, uncared for she shivered there,
At the very doors of God's house of prayer,
And nobody's conscience was concerned.

The people sang with a seeming zest,
Praises to Him who their lives had blest;
The people prayed to the Lord of Heaven,
For mercy and love, who no mercy had given;
The preacher preached of the blessings in store
For those who in spirit were lowly and poor—
His language was lofty, his manner was fine,
But he only thought of the ninety and nine,
And not of the one ewe lamb at the door.

Eager she listened to song and prayer,
Listened and shuddered in dumb despair,
For quickened to life by the prayer and the song,
Feelings were stirred that had slumbered long;
Sick at her heart and benumbed in her brain,
She lived her terrible life again—
"God have mercy," she moaned—O a tender tone
Might have saved her thus, but she stood alone,
Alone with her sin and repentance and pain.

But Someone was coming—with aching feet,
His was wearily treading the busy street,
Nobody saw Him among the throng,
Nobody heard Him passing along—
He entered that stately house of prayer,
And on through the aisles, with a sorrowful air,
He passed without pause to the outer door—
Nobody heard His step on the floor,
Nobody saw Him passing there.

He stopped by the woman of error and shame,
But no word of censure or scorn or blame
Came from His lips; there was nought in His face
But the tenderest pity and love and grace.
"Poor wandering lamb," He said, "for thee
Have I journeyed o'er mountain and desert and sea,
I have known all thy weakness and shared all thy woes,
I have felt all the scorn of thy pitiless foes,
I have carried thy burdens that thou might'st be free."

O self-righteous Pharisees, fettered with pride,
O half-hearted Christians, your zeal wanders wide!
A poor stricken dove fluttered lame at your feet,
And you left it to die in the dust of the street.
Are you greater than He who had cried her so well?
Are you greater than He who stooped low where she fell,
And tenderly carried her back to His fold?
O the scorn of the lowest this poor clay will hold,
Is the pride that is born of the baseness of hell!

The worshippers came from their cushioned seats,
Hurrying, crowding into the streets,
Nobody cared for the form at the door,
Nobody heeded the rags that she wore.
But broken for aye were the chains of her thrall,
No more is life's chalice she tasted the gall,
No longer she dreaded sin's merciless rod,
For the leper of sin, by the mercy of God,
Had been made the whitest among them all.

SAM GREENWOOD.

Sappho Saw it was Venus That Phaon Rowed Across.

Deep in my mirror's glossy plate
Sweet converse oft I had
With beauty's self, then turned, elate,
To make my lovers glad;
But now across the quivering glass
My lineaments shall never pass:
Let Aphrodite take the thing
My shadow is dishonoring.

Ah, fond and foolish, thou hast set
Aside the burnished gold,
But Phaon's eyes reflect thee yet
A woman somewhat old!
He watched thee come across the street
To-day in the clear summer heat;
And must he not perforce recall
How the sun limned thee on the wall?

I sigh; no sigh her bosom smote
Who waited 'mid the crowd,
Impatient for his ferryboat,
An aged woman bowed
And desolate, till Phaon saw,
Turned swiftly and with tender awe
Rowed her across, his strength subdued
To service of decrepitude.

Beneath a beggar's sorry guise,
O laughter-loving queen,
Thy servant still must recognize
A goddess' pace and mien.
He loved thee in thy fading hair,
He felt thee great in thy despair,
Thy wide, blue, clouded eyes to him
Were beautiful, though stained and dim.

Daughter of Cyprus, take the disk
That pride and folly feeds;
Like thee the glorious chance I risk,
And in time's tattered weeds,
Bearing of many a care the trace,
Trusting the poet's nameless grace.
Stand unabashed, serene, and dumb,
For love to worship, if he come.

Only a Pie.

Only a pie, lying there by a bunch
Of wood posies, a succulent part of the lunch
Of the picnickers, barrings of brown and of yellow;
A custard, deep, soft and enticing and mellow.
Only a pie.

Only a pie laid away from the ants;
(Please observe the young man in the dazzling white pants!)
Only a pie by the wood posies lying,
(What is the new waltz step the young man is trying?)
Only a pie.

Only a pie. (Ah, the young man is rash;
Great heavens! He's slipped and come down with a crash.)
Only a pie. (Those wild cheerings are rousers.)
How custard shows up on the seat of his trousers
Only a pie.

Noted People.

George Augustus Sala, the journalist, is reported to have declined an offer of knighthood from Queen Victoria.

Arabi Pasha, the Egyptian patriot, complains that his incarceration at Ceylon is killing him. The climate is too damp, and he is tortured with rheumatism.

Martin Irons, the once powerful labor leader in Missouri, who sent word to General Manager Hoxie that he didn't have time to see him, is now—dirty and half clothed—running a shabby little fruit stand in St. Louis.

Bronson Howard, the dramatist, is subject to literary moods. He has learned by experience that work he produces when he is not under inspiration is practically of no value. He is a great smoker, and often finds that by lighting a cigar he can at the same time start the fire of his genius.

It is stated on good authority that a special mark of royal favor may shortly be conferred on Sir Morell Mackenzie. The Queen is reported to have said that the services which Sir Morell faithfully rendered to all concerned during the illness of the late Emperor Frederick will always be held in grateful remembrance by the royal family.

Millionaire Carnegie, it is said, is enjoying himself hugely in London, where the big wigs eat his dinners and accept seats on his coach. In spite of his loud talk about equality and democracy, everyone knows that he dearly loves a lord, and will soon, doubtless, be presented at Court, although he was heard to remark a short time ago, "that no power on God's earth would ever make him demean himself to the extent of bending down and backing out of a room before a mere common human being."

King Mataafa of Samoa will soon receive a useful present from the United States. The commandant at the Mare Island (Cal.) Navy Yard has been ordered by the Navy Department to have built a whaleboat of the finest material and workmanship. Its construction will take about six weeks. When it is finished it will be sent to Apia in care of three officers, survivors of the recent disaster in the harbor of Apia. They will bear a letter of thanks and gratitude from President Harrison to the Samoan king.

Much has been said about the many and various accomplishments of the Prince of Wales, but the latest yarn caps the climax. One of the Parisian papers states that H. R. H. has the gift of sleeping at will, when, where, and as long as he pleases. This gift he possesses in common with Mr. Gladstone, Napoleon, and other distinguished personages; but the Prince caps all the others, for, says this veracious chronicler, it is noticed that when he takes a brief nap in the middle of the day, his cigar never goes out. His hand automatically raises the cigar to the lips of the sleeper, who all unconsciously puffs away just as if he were awake; and so, when he does wake, his cigar is still alight.

According to recent news from Rome the health of Pope Leo XIII. would seem to be giving great anxiety to his friends. The disappointment he felt, after the visit of the young Emperor of Germany showed that in reality Protestant Germany and Royal Italy would be better friends than Germany and the Vatican, has, it is said, preyed on his health. The question of the succession to the Papacy is already under discussion in many circles, and these are the names of those who have apparently most chance: Cardinal San Felice, Archbishop of Naples, or the Cardinals Alimonda, Monaco, Parrochi, or Valletta, or Cardinal Schiaffino, whose influence is very great. The latter is said to be an enemy of Signor Crispi.

Mr. G. Meredith's new novel, whose theme is said to be the romance of journalism, is in an advanced state of preparation, and may speedily be expected by his admirers. Mr. Meredith does not allow the peace of his little abode in the restful silence of the Surrey hills to lull him into idleness or indifference to fame. He is now sixty-four, but abates no jot of his energy or sparkling vigor, and every day sees him for many hours at his desk in the little chalet which he sets apart for his working and sleeping. The Ordeal of Richard Feverel was written before The Mill on the Floss, and by the side of Mr. Meredith such novelists as Mr. James Payn or Mr. Walter Besant are mere infants. Wearily has he waited for the slow foot of fame; but it has come at last, and those who now agree with Mr. Stevenson in his estimate of his great confrere may be numbered, not as ten years ago by scores, but by thousands.

Amongst the political and diplomatic innovations of which Prince Bismarck is the father, remarks *Das Volk*, the most novel and most amusing is the "international kiss." When Bismarck and Crispi met, the Prussian surprised the Italian by giving him a hearty kiss. The poetry of kisses is encyclopædical, but a German poet has said that there are only three kisses which come direct from heaven—the kiss of a mother to her new-born babe, the first kiss of two lovers, and the last kiss which is impressed upon the lips of the dead. The Bismarckian kiss has not been anticipated by any of the poets, and no precedent is to be found for it in the rich literature of osculation. Many a poet has looked upon secrecy as one of the elements of perfection in a kiss. The diplomatic kiss, however, was ostentatiously public, and it was supposed to be given by the whole of Germany to the whole of Italy, and to pass from Berlin to the remotest electoral districts in the Valley of Apulia. As Bismarck is the glass of fashion to so many of our modern statesmen, we may expect his diplomatic kiss to be imitated.

Inconsistent Man.

"I paid for this one, seventy-five cents," said the wife, showing her husband her purchases.

"One seventy-five!" said her husband, examining the article. "Then you have been swindled. It is not worth more than one dollar and a quarter."

"You misunderstood me," corrected his wife; "I said seventy-five cents—not one seventy-five."

"Seventy-five? Well, you ought to have got it for half a dollar.

To the Woods.

WILD ROSE.

"*Sursum corda*," says the priest, and again, "let us give thanks; for it is meet and just that we always, and in all places, give thanks to God, the Father Almighty." If in some places and at some times poor humanity finds this almost beyond its strength, surely in the gladness of these summer days we may well "lift up our hearts," in thanksgiving to the Creator of a world so full of beauty.

On every sunny slope or rugged sandy field, about old stumps, in the fence corners, or mid the dust of the road side, blooms the lovely, fragrant wild rose, the exquisite shading of whose five frail petals finds no superior even in those of its most cultivated sisters.

Where the shadow of the wood falls on it, and the dew lingers longest, it takes a deeper dye; but it is a child of the sun, and never to be found in those cool forest depths where fern and orchid dwell. Of these its only companion is the wide-spreading, three-branched common brake or bracken, that looks like a gigantic brother of the dainty little oak-leaved fern and is the only one I know of willing to live apart from both shade and moisture.

Where and when you find the wild rose, be sure you will hear the bobolink,

"Whose thrilling now is filling yonder meadow all agiee."

In far eastern lands the nightingale is the rose's fabled lover, but our wild beauty hears a livelier lay, for surely never had maiden a gayer troubadour than he who through all the glowing harvest time, from daydawn till nightfall, fills the air with such wildly rapturous floods of melody. Other birds have sweeter voices; other songs a subtler charm; but the sober suited minstrel, in his garb of cream and black, who, perched upon some fence or slender swaying branch,

"Poureth his full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art,"

has power beyond all others to thrill our hearts to sympathy with the gladness of summer in its prime.

Down where the hill's long slope sinks softly into that marshy swale, blooms, manifold, another "flower of light," the lovely azure-tinted *fleur de luce*, the exquisite blending of whose many hues won for it from the Greeks of old the name of iris, the rainbow flower.

IRIS.

Unchanged through all the centuries it still
"Dwelleth by still river,
Or solitary mere,"
lovely now as in the hour when Juno bade it spring, new born, from earth in honor of her beloved hand-maid; or, as when in the light of another faith, the French king bound it on his helm when he led forth his crusaders to redeem the grave of him at whose birth died Pan and all his brother gods.

While we watch it the little fitful breeze that heralds the sunset

"Uplifts its drooping banner,
And round it throng and run
The rushes, the green yeomen of its manor,
The outlaws of the sun,"

and vainly would the painter's art seek to give us such sense of the beauty, light, and motion of its presence as the poet's words convey.

See! Poor Robin's plantain is already bidding good night. It has drawn its delicate pink-fringed curtain, and till morning comes again we shall not see its modest flushing face so like a daisy's that it seems like one grown stupendously tall. It is like the daisy too in this, that it is not chary of its favors, but

"Climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps in the fox's den."

POOR ROBIN'S PLANTAIN

Whence came its quaint cognomen no man knows. Perhaps in the early days some poor old gaberlunzie named Robert discovered how wonderfully its root juices healed wounds and tumors, and so, on his begging rounds, would bring it as a propitiatory offering to the settlers' wives who, knowing no other name for it, may have given it his.

No, it is not an aster, though so like that even botanists can scarce point out the difference.

A gray sunset, girls, so surely, according to the wise old adage, we may look for rain to-morrow.

D. B.

A Romance of Courage.

A few miles distant from the old college town of Hanover, N. H., there is a farm-house that was once the scene of a midnight fracas, in which a pretty girl was the heroine, and a set of Dartmouth college boys a most amazed crowd. As it happens, the girl is now married to the ringleader in that escapade and they live very happily in a great city near the Atlantic coast, so the young woman must be called Jennie Smith merely to indicate that that was not her name.

It was in the autumn of 188— that the Dartmouth college sophomores, having got over being freshmen, decided that the new freshmen were rising above their places in a way that was intolerable, and that a concerted system of hazing must be inaugurated to even things up. One of the chief objects of sophomoric wrath was Gilbert Smith, a big, good-natured fellow, who calmly refused to recognize in a sophomore anything superhuman. This Smith lived in the large farmhouse on the road to Lyme. A few of the more daring sophs got together and voted to raid the farmhouse and instruct Smith a little.

It was a black, chilly night when the band of regulators crept up the Lyme road toward the Smith farmhouse. It was dark in the house, except one window, from which a light gleamed, as if to welcome friends instead of enemies. With no particular connections, however, the sophomores, after drawing over their head masks made of shirt-sleeves, stamped up the porch, and, without knocking, filed into the sitting-room where Jennie Smith sat reading alone. Anyone who has ever seen a shirt-sleeve mask will understand that the fiendish sight made the girl's pretty eyes fill with terror. But while asking what they wanted in as steady a tone as she could command, she knew what the answer would be.

"Where's your brother Gil?" was the gruff chorus.

"What do you want him for?"

"To teach him better manners," came the sepulchral reply.

"He is very sick in the next room," said the girl pleadingly. "You would not touch a sick man would you?"

Had the expletive "Rats!" then been invented the students would have used it unanimously. As it was, they in various other ways expressed their conviction that the sickness was an invention to shield the big freshman, and they proceeded toward the chamber door with evident intention of opening it.

The young girl, with blazing cheeks and flashing eyes, went over to the door and stood there to bar the way.

"Stop!" she commanded, with both arms uplifted as if to ward off the whole world from the sick man within.

The students, still disbelieving the story of illness, though thoroughly admiring her bravery, pressed a little nearer, and one made as if to open the door. Quick as a flash the girl caught a big cavalry saber from the wall where it hung and laid it savagely at the masked figures. This time they fell back, but not before the cloth over the face of the foremost was dyed with blood from a cut in the cheek. This ended the hazing, for the boys valiantly begged her pardon and marched back to Hanover lost in admiration.

The husband of Jennie Smith, who was not Jennie Smith, wears a saber mark on his cheek to-day.—*N. Y. Press.*

Not Quite Explained.

Mrs. Blonde (wildly)—Where did this black hair come from!

Mr. Blonde—I was riding behind a black horse and he switched his tail——

This is fine hair.

Yes, it was a fine horse.

Summer Jokes.

Bright Boy (to visiting pastor)—Now try it on me. Mary says you can put anyone to sleep in five minutes.

"Bill was very fond of his wife," said a Dakota man, speaking of a bereaved comrade. "I actually believe he thought as much of her as he did of his dog; it's a fine bird dog, too."

Sam Slick (creeping upstairs at 2 a.m. in his stocking feet, steps on a tack)—Ow—oo—ow!

Mrs. Slick—What's the matter, dear?

Sam Slick—Iron has entered my sole.

Husband (on his wedding tour)—I want rooms for myself and wife.

Hotel Clerk—Suite?

Husband—Of course she is—perfectly lovely. The sweetest girl in the world.—*Tid Bits.*

Angry Subscriber to Editor—I'm mad all the way through, an' I want my paper stopped.

"Yes, sir; do you want to pay what you owe?"

"No; I ain't mad enough for that."

Gilded—What in thunder am I going to do now? The guv'nor has cut me off without a cent.

Bilded—You might try your luck as an heir-o'-naught, I should think.

Agent—Sir, I wish to show you a new burglar alarm that—

Sharpleigh—I don't want to see it. It isn't the new burglar I'm afraid of. It's the pesky professional.

Siticus—Seems to me that old man is taking an awful lot of trouble setting up so many scarecrows.

Rusticus—Oh, he's merely showing common caw-shun.

Mrs. Oldway—I'm sorry about Bella Budder. I wonder what makes her cut up so.

Mrs. Wordly—I can't imagine, unless she gets it from her father. He was a surgeon, you know.

"What is the social status of that young Flibberty, who comes to see our Mary?" asked Mr. Fangle.

"Oh, he never stays later than 10," replied Mrs. Fangle.

Stamp clerk (at post office window)—You'll have to pay letter postage on this package. It's first-class matter.

Persevering author (about to send manuscript on its seventh trial trip)—Thank you! Couldn't you get a position as editor somewhere?

"Why were you discharged from your last place?"

"For having a lover, ma'am; that was the only reason."

"Indeed? Why did your mistress object to that?"

"Please, ma'am, it was her son."

A lady took her little daughter out to tea, and was much shocked to see her try to put a thin piece of bread and butter into her pocket.

Mother—Whatever are you doing?

Little Girl (five)—I thought I would take this piece home to nurse for a pattern.

Mrs. Dapperre—Would you believe it, Mr. Sharpandflat spoke to me to-day without having been introduced.

Dapperre—Well, he knows the violin, doesn't he?

Mrs. Dapperre—Yes, of course; but what has that to do with it?

Daperre—Everything. You see he never has any difficulty in scraping an acquaintance.

"No," said a merchant to a traveling man, "I get all I want from another house in your town; I never did like your firm very well, anyhow. It's no use to talk, you couldn't give me anything."

"Oh, yes; I can give you something."

"What is it?" asked the merchant, his curiosity at once aroused.

"I can give you two per cent. discount for cash.

First Chicagoan—What did you see in Egypt that impressed you most?

Second Chicagoan—The country's no good; it's way behind the times.

First Chicagoan—They say that the Pyramids are very wonderful.

Second Chicagoan—Well, they may have been in their day; but they must be at least a hundred years old, and for style they don't compare with some of our bar-rooms.

First Waiter—Sar, how do you git a quatah outen ebry gen'leman what comes in heah?

Second Waiter—Dat's tellin'.

First Waiter—I kain't git half what you do.

Second Waiter—Well, I don' min' tellin' you. Whenevah a feller say anything dat he thinks is funny I laff; dat done fetches him ebry time.

"What Strange Things We See," Etc.

McShooter (the cowboy)—And [my] winchester twenty miles away!—*Puck.*

Would-Be Art Critics.

Mrs. Newrich, a wealthy Minneapolitan, had just returned from Europe, and like all American tourists while in the old country she had purchased various sorts and styles of pictures, statuary and bric-a-brac for which she expended a fabulous sum of money. Some of the paintings and statuary Mrs. Newrich had not seen, buying them through an agent, who was supposed to know their artistic value. The goods were shipped from New York to Minneapolis by express, and the day they were unpacked Mrs. Newrich and her intimate friend, Mrs. Parvenue, went into the former's drawing-room to pronounce judgment on the art treasures.

"Ah!" said the hostess with her greatest air, "my dear Mrs. Parvenue, I really have a rare statue here—the Venus de Melos.

The heavy rustling silks swept over the soft carpets as the ladies walked to the farthest end of the long room, where the sculptured limbs of a pure white marble statue gleamed in the mellow light. It was a copy beautifully executed of the famous Venus de Melos, and similar to the original, discovered by a peasant in 1820 in the old town of Melos, it was minus both arms.

Mrs. Newrich started, uttered an ejaculation of surprise and rubbed her eyes and opened them again like one who had been dreaming.

"Dear me, dear me!" she exclaimed. "See my lovely Venus. Both arms are broken entirely off. What a burning shame!"

Both women drew nearer, their bejeweled hands clasped in alarm and their faces pictures of distress.

"It was my particular desire to have this statue and now to think her arms are gone. Oh, oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Newrich in despair. "Well, there is one thing sure—I will sue the express company."

"Do, dear," urged her friend. "The statue is no earthly use as it is. I always dislike having broken things about the house, and throw away every cup and saucer that is even chipped, and a statue without arms is much worse."

In due time Mrs. Newrich sued the express company, employing one of the shining lights of the Minneapolis bar to conduct her suit.

After a brief struggle the company defeated Mrs. Newrich. The Venus de Melos was immediately consigned to the garret, where the beautiful chiseled form grew gray with dust and hung with spiders' webs, and only rats looked upon what had been admired and coveted by half the connoisseurs of the world.

The ladies Newrich and Parvenue, if not the talented members of the bar who engaged in the suit, are still unaware that the original Venus de Melos was found without arms. So much for the would-be judges and art-buyers, and yet wealth is more powerful than brains and far more intelligible to vulgar minds than culture.

Dickens as an Actor.

Carlyle referred to Dickens as an actor, having seen him in one of his amateur performances. He gave it as his opinion that Dickens' genius was essentially histrionic and mimetic; that with his faculty of keen and minute observation, his general alertness of mind and body, his mobile power of gesture and expression, he had all the requisites of a successful actor; and, that had he lived at a great period of the drama, in the Elizabethan age, for instance, his genius would have found its appropriate outlet on the stage. He would have become a popular comic actor, writing a humorous piece now and then, perhaps, as was the custom of such actors in those days. But, while living under different conditions and working with his pen, his books still retained and revealed the native genius of their author. They had the sustained, if rather jerky, liveliness, the pleasant tricks and mannerisms of humorous portraiture upon the stage. He was, in short, a born actor.

Another Fraud Exposed.

Editor—Got a man in your town over one hundred years old, eh?

Caller—Yes, sir.

Editor—Saws a cord of wood before breakfast, walks twenty miles a day, and reads the finest print with ease, I suppose?

Caller—No, sir; he's very infirm, and half-blind.

Editor—Humph! I guess he can't be over eighty.

Ill-Judged Applause.

Franklin once attended a public sitting of the French Academy. He understood but little French, yet, wishing to appear sociable and polite, he resolved to applaud whenever he saw a certain lady of his acquaintance clapping her hands. Madame de Boufflers gave many signs of satisfaction. When the meeting was at an end, his little boy said to him, "Why, papa, you kept on clapping, and louder than anybody else, every time they were praising you up." The philosopher had then to explain the difficulty of his situation and how he had tried to get out of it.

She.

You'll discover as you pass her, and you readily will class
her as a graduate of Vassar
Or of Smith,
But she's not the sort of woman that the humorists inhuman choose their jokelets to illumine,
Nor a myth.

Though the tortoise-shell eyeglasses she affected in her classes still her faultless nose harasses,
Winsperle,
She'll decipher paleography, Siluriau geography, or mystical cryptography,
For sport.

While fully stocked with knowledge is her cranium of 'ologies, instilled at female colleges,
I trow,
Her attractiveness embraces all the dainty, winsome graces from the prehistoric races
Down to now.

Sh'll dissect a plionaurus, or articulate one for us, yes, and scan a page of Homer,
Quickly too,
And although a bit pedantic, she's by no means Browning-frantic, but, *per contra*, is romantic,
Entre nous

She can give an explanation of the Pliocene formation, and describe the situation
Of its strata,
And will argue like a Stoic, and as seemingly heroic, of the age Paleozoic
And its data.

She, her ideas quite Platonical, and in a way mnemonical, though hardly called canonical,
Advances
With uncertain erudition (in her heart they're no admission), and she strengthens the suspicion
By her glances.

Though her learning is extensive, and, it follows, most expensive, no one need be apprehensive
For her reason;
Ideas which she seems to cling to, later on she'll offer wing to, common sense she then will bring to
Bear in season.

For this educated creature has a mother who will teach her when no other can reach her
With a book,
That for which a man will price her, be he millionaire or miser, it is this, to make you wiser,
How to cook.

Not To Be Bluffed.

"You haven't got such a thing as a pair of old trousers, have you?"

"No, my man," said the merchant. "I don't keep my wardrobe in my counting-house."

"Where do you live?" rejoined the man, "and I'll call in the morning for the old pair you've got on."

A Boarding-House Surprise.

Dashley—Queer things people discover when they are living at boarding-houses. At dinner at my boarding-house yesterday I stuck my fork into a piece of pie and brought up a collar button that I lost a week ago.

Snaggs—That's nothing. I lifted off the top of my strawberry shortcake at my boarding-house yesterday, and what do you suppose there was in it?

Dashley—I give it up. A silk umbrella, perhaps.

Snaggs—No, sir; strawberries.

Dashley—(incredulously)—Aw, what are you giving me?

A Short-Sighted Clergyman.

A Chicago clergyman thinks that if Daniel Webster had played base ball he would never have been heard of. How does he know that? The man who dealt such sledge-hammer blows from the rostrum might have done equally well on the home plate or in the box. And people who have never heard of the Jove of the United States Senate would to-day be perfectly familiar with the record of "Danny Webster, the phenom of Boston. Not heard of indeed? That clergyman doesn't know fame when he sees it.

Unkind.

Miss Longout—My dear, how do you like my toilet?

Miss Sprightly—It is lovely, of course, darling; but don't you think that tulle and rosebuds are a—that is, should be worn only by those who are less—

Miss Longout—I see; you think the costume too youthful for a girl in her seventh season.

Miss Sprightly—Oh, no, dear; I was only going to suggest that moire antique would be so becoming to you.

What He Overheard.

Mrs. Rochette—What is that peculiar noise?

Miss Drissler—It must be that Mr. Auchmunter playing tennis again. He always yells in that way when he gets excited.—*Judge.*

Lord Elwyn's Daughter

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XV.

"You cannot see my father this morning, Lucille."

"But I must see him! Let me pass, please."

"Indeed, Lucille, it is quite impossible!" cried the girl tearfully. "My father was taken very ill an hour ago. Doctor Grieves is with him now; and my aunt is going to write to Sir Augustus Rollo to come down from London."

"That is all the more reason why I should see him without any delay. I have something of the very greatest importance to tell him; it concerns my own affairs—my marriage, in short."

"Oh, my dear Lucille, you do not understand how ill my father is! He has had a terrible attack of the heart. For the first few minutes your aunt and his secretary believed him to be dead; but he has now rallied, thank Heaven, and seems slightly better. I have not been allowed to see him, but I am waiting to catch the doctor as he comes out of his room in order to learn the truth."

"I will wait with you then," answered Lucille, looking slightly cowed and frightened.

It was the morning after the ball, and the girls stood at the end of the corridor up-stairs which led to Lord Elwyn's bed and dressing rooms. Kathleen had been up betimes, and immediately upon coming down-stairs had been met by the bad news of her father's sudden attack of illness. Lucille however had breakfasted in her own room, and, knowing that Lord Elwyn, who was an early riser, was frequently up and dressed, writing letters in his dressing-room, for a long time before he came down-stairs, she had intended to wait lay him there and reveal to him all that she intended to say about his daughter before he came down to join the rest of the party. She was therefore slightly disconcerted to meet Kathleen standing outside the door of her father's apartments, and still more dismayed to hear that Lord Elwyn was too ill to see her. She meant however to achieve her purpose at any cost.

The girls waited where they were for some time. Kathleen was crying quietly in one window; Lucille was drumming her fingers impatiently up and down on the panes of the other. Neither of them spoke.

Presently the door opened and Doctor Grieves came out. His face was very grave and anxious.

"I am afraid your father is very ill, my dear," he said, pressing both Kathleen's trembling hands within his.

"Oh, but he will get better, Doctor Grieves—say he will get better!" wailed Kathleen, with tear-streaming eyes.

"My dear young lady, that is what neither I nor any one else can say for certain. All I can tell you is that he is better than he was an hour ago, and that whilst there is life there is hope; but his condition is most critical at present."

Kathleen sobbed bitterly.

"Is my uncle conscious?" inquired Lucille, speaking for the first time.

"Yes; I am glad to say that he is at this moment quite conscious."

"Then, Doctor, it is imperative that I should see him at once on a matter of extreme importance."

"My dear Miss Maitland, that is utterly impossible! If it were a matter of life or death, I could not allow you to see him now! Everything depends on his being kept quiet and quite free from any kind of agitation. What I was going to ask you young ladies to do is to go and tell your guests who are staying here how matters stand, so that they may at once disperse. We must keep everything perfectly quiet and free from noise in the house."

"I will go immediately, Doctor Grieves," said Kathleen; but there was a mutinous look in Miss Maitland's eyes which the Doctor noticed, and which made him add:

"I am going to place a man servant in this passage with strict orders to let no one come into it; I have sent for the man, in fact, and shall stop here myself till he comes."

There was nothing for it but to go. Downstairs the girls found that Lady Elwyn had preceded them and was hinting to her guests how ill her husband was. She was very pale, but perfectly composed.

Very soon all the guests who had been stopping at the Castle for the ball had packed up their trunks and were taking a hurried leave of their hostess with expressions of sorrow and sympathy. Within an hour no one remained save Sir Adrian and Colonel Elwyn, and, oddly enough, Mr. Laurence Doyle, who seemed to take it for granted that his absence was not desired by the family.

Lucille had privately requested him to remain.

"For Heaven's sake, don't go, Laurie!" she had said to him, seeing that he was following the other guests upstairs on hearing of Lord Elwyn's critical condition. "I shall simply kill myself if I have no one to talk to! Everybody will be weeping and wailing; the house will be like a cemetery. For goodness' sake, stop to amuse me—let me have one rational soul to speak to!"

Of course he was only too glad to remain. He went up to Lady Elwyn, and asked her permission to stop on.

"Will you allow me to stay, Lady Elwyn? I cannot bear to leave you all in this trouble, and I might be of some use perhaps to you or to the young ladies."

"Oh, certainly, if you wish it!"

Lady Elwyn was worried and anxious, and did not pay much attention to him. She turned away quickly to speak to Sir Adrian.

"Adrian, this is a dreadful business! Your wedding will have to be postponed. I don't know how Lucille will take it. Even if Lord Elwyn recovers, it will be impossible for the marriage to take place as soon as we arranged. You must break it to her."

"Certainly I will, Lady Elwyn. Would you like me to go away?"

"Oh, no—pray do not go—Lucille will want you, and, besides, that horrible young man—he has asked to stop!"

"What—Mr. Doyle?"

"Yes; I can't imagine why. Lucille likes him, I fancy. You had better take him out shooting to day."

Nothing could have presented a greater contrast to the brilliant scene that had lasted till the morning than the dull day that dawned on this day. The great rooms were still dismantled and empty; the fragments of decorations—burnt-down candle-ends, a litter of tulle and lace shreds about the floor, crushed flowers that had been trodden under foot, and jet beads that had fallen from beauty's skirts—were being swept together by awe-struck-looking housemaids. The occupants of the house crowded together in Lady Elwyn's morning-room, and took their luncheon in a small antechamber where a table had been hastily prepared for meals. The whole house looked desolate and woe-begone, and upon every face within it, from Lady Elwyn down to the meanest scullery maid, was depicted that anxious consternation which a serious and possibly fatal illness awakens in every one connected with it.

After luncheon, Sir Adrian, complying with Lady Elwyn's request, took Laurence Doyle out shooting, much to Lucille's disgust, as she had promised herself a long walk with her young admirer. She retired sullily to her own bed-room with a novel. Colonel Elwyn felt that he ought not to leave the house lest any emergency should arise, and sat in the library with the newspapers; whilst Kathleen was too genuinely unhappy about her father to be able to occupy herself in any way.

Three weary days went by. Lord Elwyn did not actually get worse; but he did not rally, as Doctor Grieves had expected. On the morning of the third day there were fresh symptoms which caused him renewed anxiety, and he at once advised Lady Elwyn to telegraph to London for the great London physician with whom he desired to consult.

A hired nurse had from the first moment of Lord Elwyn's seizure been sent for from town, and had proved herself a most efficient help; but everybody felt glad to think that Sir Augustus Rollo had been summoned, and they awaited his arrival with the keenest anxiety.

Kathleen hoped everything from his visit, and, when the time drew near for him to come, she was so restless and excited that she could settle to nothing, and could only roam idly and feverishly about the hall, looking out every minute down the avenue and longing for the London doctor's arrival.

Meanwhile the sick man was lying quietly on his bed in the darkened room, and was in any mate no worse. Lady Elwyn often crept noiselessly into the room; but the hired nurse sat at the head of the bed and would not permit any one to speak or disturb the patient. On the morning of the third day, however, all at once Lord Elwyn opened his eyes and spoke.

"Adelaide!"—Lady Elwyn bends over the bed.

"Is Alfred here?"

"He is downstairs, Edward. Do you want him?"

"Bring him to me at once, without delay," he said in a clear voice.

Doctor Grieves himself went to find the Colonel.

"It will be better to humor him, whatever he says to you," he said to him as they went upstairs together. "He is certainly worse—in fact, I am more hopeful than I was a couple of hours ago; but I could not answer for the consequences if he were to be in any way excited or agitated."

"I wish to speak to my cousin alone," said Lord Elwyn as they entered the room.

The doctor and nurse retired to the antechamber, and Colonel Elwyn remained alone in the sick-chamber.

A quarter of an hour later Doctor Grieves came down-stairs and sought out Kathleen in her loneliness. She was standing leaning listlessly against the morning-room window; her eyes were swollen with crying, and all her pretty color had flown.

She was saying to herself, "If papa had been well, I had meant to throw myself upon his kindness and to confess the whole of my miserable story to him. That was good advice that Colonel Elwyn gave me at the ball when he counselled me to tell my secret, whatever it was, to papa, and to ask him to protect and help me. Yes, and I would have done so, and have trusted him to forgive me; but now I shall perhaps never be able to tell him anything again. Well, Alfred Elwyn has been kind to me; whatever his character may be, I shall always be grateful to him for his kindness, although, even if I did not love some one else, I could never, never marry him—in fact, I can never dare to marry anybody so long as Tom Darley is alive. All I can do is to be firm and refuse to marry Tom; but I should never dare to provoke him to retaliate upon any innocent man. If my poor dear father dies, I shall have no one to help me; but he will not at any rate know how unhappy his poor Kathleen is."

"Miss Elwyn, your father is asking for you," said a voice behind her.

Kathleen started violently.

"For me, Doctor Grieves? Is he worse?"

"No; on the contrary, I think him distinctly better, or I should not allow him to see any one. Colonel Elwyn is with him now."

"And am I to go when Colonel Elwyn leaves him?"

"No; he wishes to see you at once whilst the Colonel is still with him."

"Oh, Doctor, tell me, I really go!" she cried, trembling, and clasping her hands together.

"My dear young lady, you need not be frightened. I only wish to prepare you; there is nothing that will shock you; he is very little altered—only very pale."

"Oh, it is not that!" cried Kathleen. "I am not afraid to see papa ill. But what—what is it that he has to say to me?"

"Ah, that I cannot tell! I can only say that it is something of importance, and presumably relates to some plan for your future in which Colonel Elwyn is concerned."

Then Kathleen knew very well what it was.

"Doctor, if I could not agree to my father's plan—if I were compelled to refuse any request he may make to me?"

"My dear Miss Elwyn, you must on no account do so. Whatever your father asks of you it is absolutely necessary that you should assent to."

"You mean——" "I mean that a refusal might cost him his life."

"Oh, Doctor!"

"Yes; pray understand me. His heart is so very slightest excitement, might be fatal. You much affected that the smallest agitation, the most ball in with his requests, whatever they may be, even if hereafter you are compelled to break your promises to him. If you thwart him, he may—I do not say he would, but he may die instantaneously. Have I made this clear to you?"

She bowed her head in assent, and white as ashes, followed him up stairs in silence.

Never throughout the whole of her after-life could Kathleen forget the solemn and impressive scene that followed—never did the memory of that interview fade or grow faint in her mind.

The large half-darkened room was dimly lit more by the flickering fire-glow than by the gray light that struggled feebly through the half-draped windows; upon the large old fashioned carved bedstead lay the sick man, propped up with pillows and covered by a rich quilt of ancient satin brocade. Lord Elwyn's face was white and haggard, his gray hair pushed away in an unnatural fashion from his brow; his sunken eyes were fixed earnestly upon herself as she entered. On the farther side of the bed Colonel Elwyn stood erect, looking very serious and solemn. The doctor closed the door upon her, and they were left alone—they two and the sick man.

"Kathleen, come here!" he whispered.

She crept up to the other side of the bed and took his outstretched hand.

"Are you better, papa dear?" she said timidly.

"I shall never be better in this world, my child. The doctors may patch me up for a week or two, but they cannot do more for me."

Kathleen's tears fell fast; she could not speak. With her own eyes she old see the impress of death on her father's face, and she felt that he was only speaking the truth.

"Listen to me, Kathleen. I have sent for you that you may take a load off my mind and enable me to die in peace. I want you here, my child, to see the wedding which I shall probably never rise again, to take hold of Alfred Elwyn's hand and swear to be his wife."

Her frightened eyes met the Colonel's. He seemed distressed by the pale horror in her face; but for all that there was a gleam of exultation in his eyes. Her father held her hand; he now took Alfred Elwyn's hand on the other side, and drew them together over his breast. For a moment Kathleen shrank and cowered away and her hand resisted the enforced contact; but then the memory of the Doctor's words of emphatic and solemn warning swept back across her tempest-tossed soul: "If you thwart him, he may die instantaneously." Her nerveless fingers offered no further resistance. A faintness came over her so that the whole room swam and whirled before her eyes; then, gathering courage, she cast one look of passionate entreaty, of wild hunted despair, at the dark sinister face on the opposite side of the bed.

Alas, she might as well have appealed to a statue of bronze! Colonel Elwyn averted his eyes; and, as she watched the dull glow on his strange prominent features, she realised for the first time that, for all his kind words and ways, Alfred Elwyn had a hard and cruel nature, and some words of poor old Gorman's came back to her memory. "He has nice manners, miss; but don't you be taken in by the Colonel—he is a bad man, and has a bad heart," the faithful creature had once said to her.

There was no relenting in that fixed serious face. Colonel Elwyn was not going to be such a fool as to throw away the trump cards which had so opportunely fallen into his hands. He meant to marry Kathleen; and he did not conceive it possible—unless he was so foolish as to release her from it—that she could go back from an oath given in such circumstances—literally across her dying father's body.

"Swear it, Kathleen—say it too, Alfred!" urged the sick man, holding the two hands which he had clasped together in his own.

And so they swore, both of them, that they would marry each other not later than Kathleen's twenty-first birthday, on the ensuing third of April.

"Now," said Lord Elwyn to his cousin and heir—"now go and send off a man on horseback at once to Clorchester to fetch Williams. It will be better to conclude this business at once; and I am in haste to make those further arrangements for the benefit of Kathleen and yourself of which I have spoken to you."

Mr. Williams was the solicitor who had already drawn up Lord Elwyn's will, and the sick man had spoken to his heir ten minutes before concerning certain sums of money which he had previously arranged to leave to his wife's niece, but which he designed to add to his daughter's already large portion, so as to swell her dowry if she consented to the marriage.

Colonel Elwyn went away at once to send off a messenger to the town; and Kathleen, very pale and trembling, was left sitting by her father's bedside, stroking his weak hand in here and endeavoring to calm the tumult at her miserable heart. "Will he let me off?" was what she asked herself in her despair. "When I throw myself on his mercy, and point out to him that I was literally forced into that promise, will he be generous and give it back to me?" But something in his face had told her that he would never do so.

Half an hour of weary waiting went by. The nurse crept back into the room, but signed to Kathleen to remain still where she was. Lord Elwyn seemed to be dozing, but kept fast hold of his daughter's hand. After a while his fingers slackened upon hers, and she was able to slip her hand away. In the death-like stillness that reigned in the house she caught the sound of wheels outside. She rose and crept softly to the window. Up the avenue she perceived two carriages driving rapidly to the house. The first was the brougham that was bringing Sir Augustus Rolle from the station; the second was the lawyer's dog-cart. They arrived almost simultaneously at the door.

Meanwhile Lucille Maitland had spent her time that day very comfortably indeed over a French novel in the little sitting-room which opened out of her bed-room. She had dressed herself in a loose crimson-plush tea-gown trimmed with soft cream-colored lace, and, drawing up her arm-chair to the fire, sat toasting her feet upon the fender and placidly reading her book.

"Let me know the instant the gentlemen come in from shooting," she said to her maid, "and then bring tea up here." For Adrian religiously took Mr. Doyle out of the way every afternoon.

The maid, who could not conceive but that it was Sir Adrian whom her mistress wished to see, duly fulfilled her behest with the result that, when the tea-tray arrived, Sir Adrian walked into Lucille's snuggery after it.

Lucille turned round sharply.

"Oh, it's you!" she said, endeavoring to conceal her vexation.

"Yes; your maid said you wished me to come to tea with you; so I came just as I was"—looking down apologetically at his boots and leggings. "Is a very dirty boot a lady's boudoir, I fear; but I was afraid of keeping you waiting."

Lucille was secretly anathematising her maid. "What an idiot that girl is!" she thought. "I only wanted to know when they came in, that I might get hold of Laurie, and have a little meddled with Adrian!"

"Is Lord Elwyn any better?" asked Sir Adrian.

"I am sure I don't know," said Lucille. "No doubt he will be all right—these things are always exaggerated."

"I fear there can be no exaggeration in this case," replied Adrian gravely. "Doctor Grieves told me privately that he thought very seriously of him this morning; but the London doctor has just arrived, and is with him now, I hope so we shall soon know the worst."

Lucille sat looking into the fire, her fingers tapping the arms of her chair.

"Tom Darley is sure to die in any case?" she asked, after a pause.

"One cannot tell; whilst there is life, you know, there is hope; but I fear it is too likely."

There was a silence. A glowing coal fell noisily upon the hearth. Adrian poured out some tea, and placed Lucille's cup by her elbow. Still her beautiful face was turned away from him, and a deep meditation seemed to possess her.

"Who could guess of what that beautiful woman was thinking? Was it of her postponed wedding-day—of the hopes and joys of wifehood, for which she would have to wait a little longer? Or was it a sorrowful retrospect of the happy life she had led for years in her kind uncle's house, and which was now so nearly at an end? Watching her, Adrian wondered if any such tender and womanly thought perchance filled her breast, or whether she was, as he sometimes fancied, incapable of any gentle or generous emotion.

"Lucille," he said softly, laying his hand upon her arm, "I fear that our wedding will have to be put off, my dear—for six months, at the very least."

"I know that," she answered, shaking off his hand impatiently as she took up her tea-cup; "and a horrid nuisance it is, too, for my *trousseau* nearly completed and all my bridesmaids settled upon!"

"One cannot help these things. Death does not stay his hand for trifles like those."

"Oh, for goodness' sake don't preach! Perhaps you are glad that you can't marry me next month."

"Why should you say that?"

"I thought perhaps you were secretly refoicing at the prospect of consoling the desolate orphan."

Sir Adrian flushed a dull red. For a few moments he could not trust himself to speak; and he said gravely—

"Such a sneer is very unwomanly, Lucille. Poor Kathleen is indeed to be pitied; and, if any of us can do anything to comfort her in the trial that is in store for her, we would be brutal indeed to refuse to help her. But, Lucille, something urges me to speak to day very seriously. Of late I have fancied that you are not satisfied with me—that your heart has somewhat gone from my keeping—that—that, in short, you would like to break your engagement. If that is so, is not the present time of all others a good opportunity, and will you not have the courage to tell me so before it is too late?"

"What—that you may marry Kathleen Elwyn?" she cried angrily, springing to her feet and facing him with positive fury. "Is it likely that I should be such a fool!"

"My dear Lucille, this is mere childish jealousy!"

"It is not; you know that it is not! You are always hanging about that milk-faced girl."

"Lucille, be reasonable!" he urged.

With a strong effort she controlled herself.

"Very well, then, Adrian, I will be reasonable. Perhaps I am foolish to be jealous; but you must remember that jealousy generally implies love."

"Not always, Miss Maitland."

"Now, then, listen to me. I am perfectly satisfied with you, Adrian; I care for you as much as I ever did, and I have not the slightest wish to break off our engagement. There, sir—will that please you?"

He took her proffered hand, and in common courtesy raised it to his lips; but he sighed deeply as he did so. He had risked his last stake, and had failed.

"Thank you, Lucille," was all he said.

"Now, then, if you please, Adrian, leave off hanking after Kathleen Elwyn," she said, half laughing.

Sir Adrian rose to his feet impatiently.

"Pray drop this ridiculous idea! Miss Elwyn will in all probability marry the Colonel. It is her father's wish and Lady Elwyn's, and it is a marriage that will almost certainly take place."

"Will it? Oh, I am not so sure of that!"

"Why, what do you mean?" he asked in surprise.

"When people sow the wind, they must expect to reap the whirlwind, we are told."

"What on earth do you mean, Lucille?"

"Never mind! I have my ideas—that is all. I can't explain further; but somehow I do not think that Kathleen will marry Alfred Elwyn." And in her own heart she added, "Not if I can possibly prevent it!"

(To be Continued.)

New in Podunk.

Uncle Abner (regarding his city niece's present)—Wife, I'll bet four dollars them slippers was made for some dood thet don't cross his legs!—*Puck.*

How Society Women Drink.

Scarcely an evening party or musicale is given without the accompaniment of the customary wine-glass. Nectar is the mixture of claret, fruit, ice, and a dash of champagne to complete its delicious flavor, being located in convenient passage or at the head of some central stairway, and in the intervals of the music or between the dances ladies as well as men convenient to its direction. At a recent informal musicale, where only sandwiches and fancy cakes were served by the hostess, assisted by no servants, three kinds of light wine were provided at intervals of an hour. For

And after the theater or opera ladies with their escorts flock into Delmonico's or the Brunswick for little suppers, which are always invariably accompanied by wine. It isn't considered the proper thing for unmarried girls to drink wine with young men when they are not accompanied by a chaperon, and nice girls rarely do so unless out on a specially naughty lark, and usually in a party of ladies and gentlemen. The scene at these restaurants would be a revelation to the country dame. Beautiful women in rich and exquisite gowns sweep into the room, leaving a trail of perfume as they pass; diamonds flash and scintillate; bright-hued rubies burn like flame against white fingers, and jewels clasp with radiance the bare white arms and throats that the loosened opera cloaks reveal. Wine is served to all alike, and presently it flushes faintly in fair cheeks, flashes from brilliant eyes, and burns a deeper crimson in red lips, but with it all there is heard no sound of revelry. Not a voice is raised above the conversational low tone of gentility; not a laugh ripples out above the subdued murmur of conversation; not a woman falters in her step or holds her head less proudly when the glasses of wine have been sipped away with the pretty daintiness and slow grace peculiar to women wine-lovers that takes away all appearance of grossness, and surrounds it with a bewildering glamor of seeming harmlessness and innocence; and if in the seclusion of the little walk to the carriage a woman hears something whispered that makes her cheek hot, the next day when she recalls it she keeps her counsel wisely.

In many of the fashionable millinery and dressmaking establishments in the city a wo man can order a glass of wine or brandy and have it served in a quiet little parlor where no one is the wiser, and in one confectionery establishment patronized by ultra-fashionable people a woman can order anything from milk to absinthe and have it set before her with no questions. On the margin of the bill of fare giving a list of the ices and light dainties served for the "ladies' lunch" advertised on the window of this small establishment are written the names and prices of some of the favorite mixed drinks prepared for fair tipplers. Sherry cobbler, milk punch, claret punch, mint julep, all the popular concoctions, and it is no uncommon thing to see a tired woman come in from shopping and nonchalantly order whisky straight, sip a glass of clear brandy, or the contents of a small bottle of champagne as a country woman would drink a cup of tea or lemonade.

Fashionable physicians, while acknowledging the prevalence of intemperance among society women, are extremely cautious in giving publicity to individual cases, but that they are called frequently to attend a woman through a debauch or to get her braced up from one champagne dinner and ready for another, is a generally known fact. A handsome woman in rich attire was picked up on the street one evening in such a state of intoxication that she was taken to Bellevue Hospital and locked up in the cell. About midnight the husband came in an elegantly appointed carriage to claim his wife. He admitted that she frequently became intoxicated, but had never before allowed herself to become so in the street or outside her own home. Among the guests at one of the summer resorts last season were two sisters, quiet, graceful, well-bred women, belonging to one of the first families in New York. They frequently required the services of a physician to sober them up after a somewhat prolonged spree, and enable them to appear before the other guests in the house, who believed them the most temperate of women, and sympathized with them that they were subject to such sudden and severe attacks of acute illness that they could be seen by no one but their maids.

A little, delicate, pretty woman went into a physician's office one morning after a late champagne dinner, feeling very much like one of the boys after a stag party, only more so.

"Well, you have been at it again, have you?" said the doctor.

"Yes, and I don't want a lecture, either. I want something to brace me up, so I can go to another one to-night."—*N. Y. Sun.*

ASLEEP ON THE TRACK.

A little child, tired of play, had pillowed his head on a railroad track and fallen asleep. The train was almost upon him when a passing stranger rushed forward and saved him from a terrible death. Perhaps you are asleep on the track, too. You are, if you are neglecting the hacking cough, the hectic flush, the loss of appetite, growing weakness and lassitude, which have unconsciously crept upon you. Wake up, or the train will be upon you! Consumption, which thus insidiously fastens its hold upon its victims while they are unconscious of its approach, must be taken in time, if it is to be overcome. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures such thousands of cases of this most fatal of maladies. If taken in time, and given a fair trial, it is **guaranteed** to benefit or cure in every case of Consumption, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

Duke guessed which way the lovers had gone well enough to keep out of it, and, lighting a cigar, strolled along, trying to find some solution for his mother's strange agitation.

Who was Gabriel Dwight? He recalled how strange Mrs. Uglow's manner had been when she had told him of the visit and of her mistress's swoon. It had impressed him at the time, but since it had almost passed from his memory. And who was Martin Langton? A relative—a friend?

"I wish," he said aloud, "that I knew what on earth it all means!"

He had walked on, as he thought and smoked, a path that led towards the stables, where it took a turn again, wound round towards the back of the left wing of the Towers, and stopped outside a small paved quadrangle upon which looked the windows of still-rooms and pantries, and also the window of the housekeeper's private sitting-room.

This window, a long one, was draped with fresh white curtains, and had in it a stand of flowering plants. The space between the wall on one side and the stand was filled by an American easy-chair, and the easy-chair itself was filled by Mrs. Uglow, who, by the light of a lamp placed upon the table behind her, was engaged in making up one of the snowy muslin caps which always crowned her abundant roll of white hair, and pensively enjoying the evening air.

Duke, glancing up as he stopped, saw her, and sauntered into the quadrangle, leaning lazily against the window sash as he gave her his hand good humoredly.

"Why, it's an age since I saw you, mother!" he said. "No, don't disturb yourself and get up. I haven't forgotten the way round to your room, you see. I was taking a stroll, and found myself here before I knew it."

"You knew the way to it a very well when you were a boy, Mr. Duke," returned the housekeeper, with an affectionate glance at the handsome face.

"Rather! Don't you remember how I used to sneak around here and you used to smuggle me in and give me sweets and cake and all kinds of stuff out of that old sideboard yonder? By Jove, I recollect the taste of them now, and how queer I used to feel afterwards sometimes."

The sideboard was the one upon which the heavy old brass-bound desk was standing. Mrs. Uglow's downcast eyes wistfully followed his towards it, then were turned upon him again.

"I remember that you liked to come here, Mr. Duke," she said gently and simply.

"Of course I did. In my opinion, this room is the jolliest little place in the Towers. It's a pity I've lost my taste for cakes and barley-sugar, or I'd get you to fill a hamper for me, as you did in my school-days, before I take my departure this time."

"But you are not going away now, Mr. Duke!" exclaimed the housekeeper, startled.

"Well, not to-day, and not to-morrow, but in a day or two—as soon as I can, in fact. You see, mother," he added deliberately and significantly, "as things have turned out, there is no particular use in my staying."

He said it because from his boyhood he had been perfectly well aware that very little went on at Oldcastle Towers of which the housekeeper was not cognizant, although who told her or how she procured her knowledge he had never taken the trouble to ascertain; but he had always known the fact. In deference to the old lady's shrewdness, he now paid her the compliment of supposing as a matter of course that she knew why he had come to Oldcastle Towers, why he had stayed there, and why he was going away. Her expression as she looked up at him told him that she did, perfectly.

"I am very, very sorry, Mr. Duke," she said softly—"very!"

"Well, yes, so am I; but it can't be helped. No use in crying over spilt milk! Besides, there's no accounting for tastes, you know," he said gaily; but he did not say it without wincing.

Mrs. Uglow saw it, and compressed her pale lips as she looked steadily across the dusky quadrangle.

"Ah, you are not the master of the Towers, Mr. Duke!" she said, in a soft regretful voice.

"I know that, worse luck! Shouldn't be in such a pickle if I were!" His voice changed suddenly, and he looked at her impassive face curiously. "Oh, I see what you are driving at; but you're wrong for once, mother! That had nothing to do with it."

"Had it not, sir?"

"Not that!"—and he snapped his fingers. "No; I'll do a lady who shall be nameless the justice to say that."

"It is very strange, sir," observed the housekeeper, sighing gently.

"I'm hanged if I don't think the fellow's bewitched her!" Duke muttered discontentedly.

Both were silent for a little while. Duke stood pulling his mustache, the housekeeper sat looking fixedly before her. Rob Roy's deep bark broke the silence somewhere. Mrs. Uglow rose suddenly and placed her hand upon the young man's arm.

"You say you are going away, Mr. Duke. Do you—let me ask you the question, my dear—you used to tell me not so very long ago, and I didn't love you then better than I love you now—I wouldn't have done more for you then than I'd do now," she said fervently—"do you want—money?"

Her voice sank to a whisper. Duke, touched by her passionate tone and astonished at her concluding words, could only look for a moment at her white eager face; then he removed her hand gently.

"Do I? Well, rather! Did you ever know me when I didn't?

"Because," the housekeeper went on nervously, almost beseechingly, "I have some, Mr. Duke—some that I have saved, my dear, and that I shall never spend—more than five hundred pounds—and, if——"

Duke stopped her.

"No, no," he said kindly, putting his hand upon her shoulder; "don't go on, mother. If I wanted it three times as badly as I do, I couldn't be cad enough to take it from you. Don't bother yourself about me—I'm all right. I mean to talk Guy over. Considering that there's seventy thousand pounds just ready to pour into his pockets, he can't in common justice refuse to give me another lift. I hope not, anyhow. Good night!"

"You—you are not offended, Mr. Duke?" murmured Mrs. Uglow entreatingly.

"Offended! Not I! I'm awfully obliged. Once more—good night!"

Because he was touched and she was so earnest, he did as he had never even dreamed of doing since he was a golden-haired petticoated child, and dropped a light kiss upon her face. Then he sauntered out of the quadrangle, lighting another cigar, and presently came upon Adela and Guy, looking so blissfully happy as they sat together on a shaded seat, their cheeks almost touching as they talked softly, that he was jealous and discontented again, and felt more hopelessly "out of it" than ever.

Mrs. Uglow watched him across the quadrangle, and, when he had disappeared, stood looking straight before her still, her hands locked tightly. Then she roused herself with a start, closed and barred the window and drew the blinds. Crossing to the door, she locked it and drew out the key. Then she lifted the brass-bound desk from the sideboard, put it upon the table, and stood looking at it.

All this she had done swiftly, flutteringly, and yet resolutely. Now, as she took the key and inserted it in the lock, she shivered, and glanced over her shoulder as if suspecting a hidden watcher in spite of the covered window and locked door. There were footsteps approaching! She sprang to the door with light noiseless steps, and clutched the handle, bending her body as she listened eagerly. Nothing! The footsteps did not even pause, but passed on.

Mrs. Uglow went back to the table, unlocked the desk with a steady hand, touched the secret spring, and drew out the yellow envelope sealed with the signet-ring. With one glance—an adoring glance—at the picture of Marmaduke Oldcastle's laughing handsome boyish face hanging over the mantelpiece, she drew her chair to the table, and sat down with the envelope lying before her.

"My Legacy to my Wife." How often had she read those words with fascinated awe and curiosity! How often had her fingers twitched to tear open the guarding envelope and make its secret her own! She had resisted always—why, she hardly knew. She had always meant to read it at last. Could it contain harm for the foster-son whom she adored? It was that subtle fear which had often deterred her. But why? If so, fire would burn it. Could it contain good? If so——

She snatched up the envelope and tore it open—tore it so violently that it was split from end to end and its contents fell upon the table. They were two separate packets, each bearing a seal similar to that on the envelope.

Mrs. Uglow, without further faltering, took up the smaller packet first, resolutely tore it open, unfolded it, and read it from its first word to its last. She was always a pale-faced woman, and had been paler than usual when she began; but now her face turned ghastly white as her eyes traveled slowly down its lines. When at last she raised her head, her lips were parched, and she was trembling so uncontrollably that the stiff paper shook and rustled in her hand. But she put it down, looking at it still as if she feared to turn her eyes away. A glass of water stood near her elbow. She took up the glass, drained it, set it down, and then, averting her eyes with a shudder from the first packet, took up the second and opened it.

It contained three or four ordinary sheets of foolscap covered with writing in a hand almost as plain and close as print. Mrs. Uglow looked at the opening words, turned the sheets over and looked at the signature set down firmly at the end. Then she spread them out upon the table, and, with her cold hands holding her burning forehead, began to read.

It did not take long. The housekeeper raised from the sheets before her a face awe-struck, horrified, amazed, and yet triumphant, and, rising to her feet, turned her eyes slowly towards the portrait above the fireplace. She watched it down, looked at it, kissed it fondly, violently, flung it away, and caught up the last packet again; she turned over the leaves, and smiled as her eyes caught phrases here and there. Then she put it down, and stood looking at it as though she were fascinated.

"If I had only known!" she said, with a deep breath. "Why did I not suspect that I had but known!" She smiled admiringly. "What a man!" she said. "And what a revenge!"

CHAPTER XXV.

Lady Adela proved herself a true prophet. Sunday passed happily, idly, placidly, with no greater excitement than a drive to Wildeross to hear the Reverend Cuthbert Cubison preach one of the dullest of prosy sermons, the soporific influence of which was so strong that the old gentleman himself yawned visibly in the pulpit, and a glorious walk home again by way of the cliffs. But on Monday, about half an hour before it was time for the luncheon-bell to ring, exceedingly warm—for it was at least eighty-five in the shade—extremely indignant with the omnibus which had jolted him from Holme Cultram to Wildeross, and with the stuffy fly which had jolted him again from Wildeross to the Towers, there arrived, portmanteau in hand and no doubt with his note-book inside it, uncle Plumptre.

If Adela had troubled herself much about the result of the double thunderbolt which had descended upon Sugbrooke—which she had not at all, beyond a little wistful hope that they would "be nice" about it—she would have found herself at once relieved by her uncle's demeanor.

Uncle Plumptre was exceedingly gracious. As a sensible practical man, and, above all, as a man of business, he had come to the wise conclusion that a man with an income between nine thousand a year, although only a baronet, was a better investment for seventy thousand pounds than a viscount with nothing in particular. So Mr. Plumptre had carefully laid this judicial view of the matter before his sister the Countess, had made his notes, had had his portmanteau packed, and rattled off to Cumberland at five-and-thirty miles an hour to "settle the business out of hand." And he was so very brisk about it that Adela found herself comically wondering whether she might not find herself married before she had quite got used to the novelty of being engaged.

When uncle Plumptre came out to her on the terrace, where she sat trying to read, and wondering dolefully if he really meant to keep Guy in the library all the splendid afternoon, when they might have had such a delightful walk or drive—when he came out to her just as she had made up her mind to invade the library in another five minutes and demand her lover's release, she was more amused still. Mr. Plumptre was a portly and heavy gentleman, and, as he sat down at her side in one of the fragile rustic chairs, she quite trembled, for the chair creaked again.

"Oh, uncle," she cried half pettishly, "I thought you would never have finished! What in the world have you found to talk about?"

"Business, my dear—business! Sir Guy and myself have been—er—in short, settling things." Mr. Plumptre drew out his watch and glanced at it complacently. "We have been shut up quarter of an hour, my dear. Surely you do not call that long? It is impossible to settle a marriage—of this kind—in a few minutes."

"Why, you talked in a hushed tone of one!" murmured Lady Adela, with a pretty blushing smile and a mischievous twitch of the lips.

"But then I'm afraid we left out the business part of it. Where is Guy, uncle?"

"Sir Guy is at present engaged in writing to his lawyer, my dear. I must say he has been treated me handsomely—very handsomely indeed. I feel bound to acknowledge it. Nothing could be more becoming."

"Yes, uncle," murmured the girl dutifully, thinking vaguely how she would make Guy laugh presently by recounting for his benefit every word of this conversation.

"In fact," went on Mr. Plumptre, complacent and unconscious, "he has left himself entirely at my disposal in the matter. His views upon the subject of your settlements, my dear, are, you will be glad to hear, all that could be desired." He drew a small note book from his pocket and turned the leaves. "That being the case, I have jotted down a note or two here as to the amount of pin-money and jointure that I shall consider myself justified in asking for you—the amount of your own fortune being remembered, both should be handsome. Perhaps you would like to look at them? Possibly you may wish to make some suggestions?"

"Oh, for goodness' sake, uncle, don't!"

Adela had borne as much as she could, and now she sprang up so quickly that her rustic chair tumbled over. "Do you suppose that Guy cares a scrap about my fortune, or that I care a fig about settlements? Are we going to marry each other's cash-boxes, or what?" In spite of her vexation, she laughed at the expression of her uncle's face, and then, with a quick change of voice and look, put her pretty hands caressingly upon his broad shoulders. "Oh, uncle," she said wistfully, "don't you understand that it isn't money we're thinking about, but each other; and, although I know it is very good of you to give me so much money, and I thank you for being so generous to me, yet can't you see that Guy would love me quite as well if I were coming to him without a penny in my pocket? Don't talk to me about settlements, please, but just tell me that you hope I may be always as happy as I am now!"

Mr. Plumptre was not a man of sentiment—quite the contrary; but he put his note-book back into his pocket.

"Certainly I hope so, my dear—decidedly I hope so!" He kissed the red lips that were tremulous even while they smiled, and patted patronizingly one soft dimpling one of the little hands that rested upon his shoulder. "Certainly I hope so," he repeated; and really I have very little doubt about it—indeed, I must congratulate you, my dear. You have made a very prudent and sensible choice. But of course that was to be expected. In spite of your willfulness about the Viscount, I always knew that you were too sensible and clear-headed a girl to throw yourself away. But for feeling confident of that, I should never have made you my heiress. I am very well pleased indeed. So is your mother."

"Is mamma pleased?" asked the girl, still wistfully.

"Certainly, my love. She was startled—naturally startled—indeed she described your letter as startlingly abrupt; but, as soon as she—er—shock had worn off a little, and I had represented the affair to her in its proper colors, she appeared very much pleased."

"I thought—I hoped that she would have written to me," said the girl gently.

"My dear, no doubt she would have done; but we have several visitors at Sugbrooke just now, and her time, you see, is fully occupied."

"I understand, uncle."

There was silence for a few minutes. Mr. Plumptre stood surveying with an approving air the wide stretch of park and wood, hill and dale, comfortably conscious that as far as he could see was Oldcastle land and Oldcastle property; and Adela stood absently turning round her finger the ring Guy had placed there, and twisting the plain slender band of gold clasping a large glowing ruby.

"Do you like the Towers, uncle?" asked the girl presently. "You haven't told me. I think it is such a lovely old place! Do you like it?"

"Very much, my dear. Very heavy, of course—very old-fashioned—but decidedly a fine place. A few modern improvements, a little money here and there, would not be amiss perhaps; but that is according to taste. Upon my word, my love, I must say that Sir Guy is an uncommonly lucky man, and"—with an approving glance at the pretty face and figure beside him—"in more ways than one too. By-the-way, what an uncommonly handsome young fellow his brother is!"

"Very," agreed Adela carelessly.

"If I were a young lady, I know that I should be inclined to consider Mr. Marmaduke Oldcastle a dangerous fellow. How was it now that you didn't lose your heart to him—eh?"

"Uncle," cried Adela suddenly, "how was it that you, instead of sticking to business and developing into a merchant prince—which I don't know how many thousands of pounds, didn't turn into something different? Why didn't you turn into an artist or a poet or a traveller? Why didn't you?"

"Eh?" cried uncle Plumptre blankly. "I write a novel—I turn a poet—bless my soul, my dear, it's impossible! I couldn't do it if my life depended upon it—I give you my word!"

"Of course you couldn't," exclaimed the girl, with pretty triumph—"I know that! And that's just why I didn't fall in love with Marmaduke Oldcastle! I couldn't have done it if my life had depended upon it—it is impossible! And I couldn't have helped loving Guy if I had tried—that was impossible too."

"Of course—just so—of course," Mr. Plumptre had "missed the connection" a little, and he still looked puzzled. "You are sure you prefer not to look at my notes, my dear?"—half drawing the note-book out of his pocket, and evidently burning with anxiety to inflict them upon somebody. "No? As you please, of course. Then, if you'll excuse me, I'll go indoors. I have three or four letters to write which should be in town by the morning post at latest."

Mr. Plumptre went indoors accordingly, and Lady Adela quietly picked up her overturned chair and sat down upon it. When Guy came out presently, she was sitting there still, her chin resting upon the hand that bore the ruby ring.

"Did you think I was never coming?" he asked, bending over her chair. "I have been beating Mr. Plumptre on his own ground, and have gone up in his estimation in consequence—in fact, he is quite charmed with my business promptitude." The glad, almost gay ring in his voice changed suddenly to a tone of the utmost surprise and concern, for he saw that her eyes were filled with tears. "What is it, darling? Has anything troubled you?"

"Everything and nothing!" She sprang up with a little laugh that was rather hysterical, and stood, with her hands on his shoulders, looking at him. "Oh, Guy, I have heard all about settlements and pin-money, as I though the chink of sovereigns and the rustle of bank-notes were all the music in the world, and the place to keep our hearts in were our cash-boxes! That's all—nothing else! I am going to make a most excellent, prudent, sensible match, dear, do you know that? a match to do credit to my common sense, and I may congratulate myself upon not having thrown either myself or my seventy thousand pounds away. That's so satisfactory, isn't it? If we can manage to love each other, well and good; but that's not an essential, is it? Oh, dearest"—she let her head droop against his wearily—"I am so tired of that poor, vacant, hollow prudent talk, and am angry at it, and so vexed with myself for being angry! Why will nobody ever begin to understand?"

"Why, you did not expect anything else, did you?" he asked tenderly. "Wouldn't you have been rather astonished at anything else? Nobody can see that which his eye has not the power of seeing, my love. Mr. Plumptre is a business-man, and I assure you he saw in me a sound business aspects of the case with remarkable clearness. We have arranged things most amicably."

"Oh, I know that!" Adela gave a rueful little shrug of her shoulders. "That's what he had been telling me about—but nothing else, Guy."

"Why should he, when he saw nothing else?" He kissed the sweet round cheek upon which a tear yet glistened, and looking wistful eyes with a look of most unclouded good humor and contentment. It was his turn to cheer her, it seemed. Adela, instantly remorseful, laughed herself to task for having been a goose, returned his kiss.

"I know I'm a goose, dear," she said repentantly, "and of course I didn't expect anything else. But I couldn't help feeling just a little hurt and sorry when he would talk as if we were coming into a sort of partnership where we should mutually do our best to overreach each other."

And then Lady Oldcastle appeared at a window, looking at them with blank unsmiling eyes, cold and stony as those of the statue by which they were leaning. There must be no love-making in her fond lexicon, English speeches, and nonsense before her. They turned and left the terrace, and went down together into the sunny gardens below. It was well that they did not look behind them; for the expression of the handsome face as she gazed after them, with its baffled anger, its mute proud misery and despair, imperious and defiant in all its agony, might for them have turned the very sunshine cold.

(To be Continued.)

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He makes a pair of slippers, deft;
If both are right, they're wrong.
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A cobbler he will never eat,
No cannibal is he,
Yet if he drinks, when others treat,
He'll swallow cobblers, free.

Though saving lots of soles for pelf
His own soul he may lose.
Though he can never heal himself
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Trinity Talk.

The Trinity term came to an end on Thursday, June 27, when the annual convocation was held. For the next three months the Trinity student will be seeking out the best means of enjoying himself, with the exception of those unfortunate mortals who will be called up to Trinity in the fall to undergo the supplemental examinations.

Two of this year's graduates will summer in England. John Grayson Smith, B. A., sailed on Thursday last, and will not return until November when he will commence his legal studies in Toronto. Rev. F. C. Powell, L. T., will enjoy a three months' vacation across the water before he enters on his pastoral duties in the diocese of Ontario.

Of the remaining graduates of this year, four —Messrs. Bedford-Jones, Carter, Waller, and Thompson—will enter the divinity class next year, and the college corridors will still continue to be enlivened by their faces. Messrs. Houston, Martin, McGill and Ford-Jones will probably be attending lectures in the law school next fall. Mr. Bradbury will legalize himself for the legal profession in Buffalo. Messrs. Lowe and Plummer enter the church, and will carry on their labors—the former in Algoma, and the latter still remaining at S. Matthias', Toronto.

The matriculation examinations commence on Tuesday next, when the largest class of matriculants known in the history of Trinity will present themselves for examination. It is to be hoped that the embryo freshman will meet with a little cooler weather than there has been during the past week, as otherwise his ordeal will be almost unendurable.

The corridors of the college have presented a deserted and desolate appearance for the past week. The only undergraduate inhabitant that remained was the energetic manager of the *Trinity Review*, who took his departure for Boston on Thursday last. The only denizen who will remain during the entire summer will be the Rev. Professor Boys, who prefers the quiet and seclusion of the college grounds to the hurry and publicity of a watering place.

The college presented a lively appearance on Wednesday evening last when the Canadian Society of Musicians held a reception in Convocation Hall, which was loaned to them for the occasion by the college authorities. The acoustic properties of the hall lent their aid in the excellent concert, which formed part of the evening's amusement.

At a recent executive meeting of the corporation it was decided to proceed with the enlargement of the college buildings as soon as possible. I believe that plans are already drawn up for the extension of the eastern and western wings, and that the work will be commenced almost immediately. It is also rumored that the kitchen will be built in closer proximity to the dining hall than the present one. This extension will make the residence part much larger, and provision will be made for some more spacious lecture rooms which are badly needed. With an enlarged residence Trinity should admit her bachelors to lodgings in the college if there is room. The plan of allowing a few graduates to live in residence is in force in most other college residences and its effects are found very beneficial. The graduates would exercise a quickening influence on the *esprit de corps* of college life, and their experience gained by three years of undergraduate existence would undoubtedly be of great benefit to the students in the management of their organization. The feelings of devotion and loyalty to his *alma mater* would be increased in the breast of the graduate and in after years would undoubtedly show their fruit.

The Convocation on Thursday week passed off most successfully notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. The gallery of students as usual provided considerable amusement by their songs and remarks, although there were very few attempts at any of the jokes which have formerly enlivened the proceedings. It was an amusing spectacle when the procession of black-gowned graduate and crimson-hooded doctors, richly-vested bishops and gold-emblazoned chancellor marched into the hall to the tune of The Animals Came in Two by Two, which burst forth from the gallery. The Convocation will be remembered as the first occasion of a lady taking the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Trinity. Miss Gregory was greeted with a great ovation when the mystic formula was pronounced over her by the chancellor and the students sang The Merriest Girl That's Out. The dean, Professor Jones, received rounds of cheers and applause as he was presented by the public orator for his D. C. L. Dr. Bourinot's speech was replete with the choicest language and lofty sentiments.

A prominent member of the class of '89 came within an ace of losing his degree, on account of his not having attended the required percentage of chapels. It appears that he was away with the eleven on their cricket tour, and something went wrong with the trains, with the consequence that the incepting bachelor did not reach Toronto in time to attend the chapels, which were due by him. If a special meeting of the executive of corporation had not been called a few minutes before the convocation, this student would not have received his degree at a public convocation. However the executive committee allowed him two chapels that were necessary to complete his percentage. ERYX.

A great many of the ladies and gentlemen of this city, intending to visit the great Paris Exhibition, are following the special courses instituted to this effect by the Berlitz School of Languages, 81 King street east.

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Next Tuesday Dr. Wild's congregation will excurt to Niagara Falls per the Niagara steamers. See advertisement in another column.

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Pretty Summer Gowns.

It seems but a month or two ago that it was in order to discuss furs, the all enveloping wrap and the thick cloth gown which accompanied them; and now we must turn our attention to those fabrications of light, airy, diaphanous stuffs, filmy and transparent as cobweb or morning mist—those delicate materials which are so lovely that it seems a great pity our climate will allow us but two brief months out of the whole year in which to delight in their gossamer beauty.

Among the gowns which will be worn during July and August at the summer resorts in a very fine white nun's veiling, bordered across the foot of the skirt with eight rows of narrow picot-edged ribbon—also white. Upon one side of the front are lengthwise rows of the ribbon, from belt to hem, forming a panel. The other side has a full jabot drapery, bordered to match. The waist has a flat ribbon trimming upon one side and shirred folds on the other, ending in a knot of ribbon at the belt. This is a simple yet dainty little gown, and one very suitable for a youthful wearer, or for a person who is just leaving off mourning. But these white wools are not as popular for house wear as they were a few seasons ago. China and India silks have superseded them, to a great degree, among those women who desire a fabric which weighs but little, does not wrinkle easily, and whose lustrous surface has only slight affinity for dust and dirt.

These pretty silks have the merit, too, of being very moderate in price, and yet by the aid of the various trimming laces and a generous use of ribbons can be made into very dressy gowns, appropriate to any ordinary occasion.

Here is one; a light coral-pink with an outline design in black, very much scattered over the surface, so that the black is in no way obtrusive. Upon the right of the skirt is a wide band of Point de Gene, which is not all white but flecked with tea-color. Upon the other side a fancy panel is formed by narrow ruffles of the same lace, drawn down into a point in which is set a bow of black ribbon. These ruffles are a full quarter of a yard apart, and between them are shirred spaces of the silk. The waist has a shirring down the middle of the back, which is drawn in very narrow at the wast-line. The front is trimmed with the lace, very slightly shirred each side of the open V neck, and girdled with ribbon.

Lighter in coloring, and therefore somewhat cooler looking, is the China silk, which has sprays of tiny black flowers scattered over its white ground. It is made very simply, with full soft draperies, and on the left side, looped to form a small panier, with one end falling towards the back and the other forward, is a wide sash of white China crape with fringed ends. A full vest and shoulder puffs of the crape make the waist to correspond.

A charming little gown for a summer dance is a cream-colored Chantilly net, with triangular figures dotted all over it. It is draped over a violet taffeta skirt, the soft, loose folds being carelessly tacked with many fluttering knots and loops of violet watered ribbon. The waist is shirred over the silk lining and is also much trimmed with ribbon. The sleeves are transparent, and are gathered into the armhole, and end a little below the elbow. A fan of violet gauze, painted with clusters of double violets and with a border of white Chantilly, accompanies this simple yet effective gown.

A striking costume worn at a garden party abroad was composed of a soft, white wool stuff, with a border embroidered in flosses, the flowers in terra cotta and silver and the foliage in natural leaf greens. The edges of the drapery, the pocket flaps and collar were finished with a heavy white silk cord, and a wide sash of terra cotta silk brocaded in olive green made the necessary fulness at the back. The hat was a large, white leghorn, covered with white ostrich plumes, and showing a touch of the dull red under the brim; and the white brocaded parasol had a silver and white handle. The low shoes of terra cotta Suede had large silver buckles, and above them one could now and then catch just a hint of a slim ankle encased in olive green silk.

Quite the opposite of this is that neat little house dress of India lawn, as faintly blue as an evening sky. This also is a bordered robe, being embroidered with silks in a design of pink heather with wood-colored stems and leaves. No, decidedly not after nature, but very pleasing, nevertheless. A little white lace trims the waist and sleeves, and there is a double girdle of olive green watered ribbons, with long loops and ends falling to the bottom of the skirt.

German Official Salaries.

The German empire does not pay its high employees on an extravagant scale. Prince Bismarck receives £2,700 a year and a residence. The Foreign Secretary gets £2,500, including free quarters; the State Secretary, £1,800, including free quarters; the State Secretary of the Imperial Court of Justice, £1,200 and a house; the State Secretary of the Imperial Treasury, £1,000 and a house; the State Postmaster-General £1,200 and a house; the Minister of War, £1,800, with a house, fuel, and rations for eight horses; the Chief of the Admiralty, £1,800 with a house; the Chief of the General Staff, £1,500, a house, and rations for six horses. Fourteen commanding Generals get £1,500 each, with free furnished quarters and rations for eight horses. With regard to ambassadors, those in London and St. Petersburg are paid £7,500 each; those in Vienna, Constantinople and Paris, £6,000 each. Of Ministers, £2,400 is paid at Brussels, £2,250 at Bucharest, £2,400 at The Hague, £2,700 at Madrid, £3,000 at Pekin, £2,400 at Rio Janeiro, £3,150 at Washington, £2,000 at Stockholm, £2,500 at Teheran, and £2,250 at Yeddo. Compared with the English scale, these figures are very meagre.

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Always to think the worst, I have ever found to be the mark of a mean spirit and a base soul.

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Lake Rosseau

This new summer retreat is centrally and most beautifully situated on "Big Island" (as it was commonly called previous to being surveyed), containing over 1,000 acres of good land, as yet mostly covered with woods and abounding in game and all kinds of berries. Only two miles above Port Carling, at the Junction of Lakes Rosseau and Joseph. This house commands on every side extensive and by far the most charming land and water views to be had in Muskoka. Dry, comfortable boats for hire. Good fishing and secluded bathing places. Good steamboat wharf. Daily mail. Steamer calls twice daily.

Terms from $1.25 per day. Special rates for families.

J. M. TOBIN, Prop.

Lake View House

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This hotel is beautifully situated on Point Kaye, Muskoka Lake, only two hours' sail from Gravenhurst.

Good Fishing, Bathing, Boating, Lawn Tennis, &c. Boats on Hire.

Lake View House is only half a mile from Brandy Lake, which is noted for its splendid Bass fishing. Mail steamer calls daily.

Terms moderate. Special rate for families.

Maplehurst Hotel

MUSKOKA

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This beautifully situated and strictly first-class hotel will be open for the season on the 15th of June.

Beautifully situated cottage to let near hotel.

THOMSON HOUSE

PARRY SOUND - - ONT.

This commodious hotel has just been refitted and furnished. It is healthily situated, convenient to steamboat wharf, and commands an excellent view of the bay. Special attention given to tourists. Terms $1.50 to $2 per day.

W. P. THOMSON, Prop., Parry Harbor P. O., Ont.

Dominion Day Notes.

All things considered the celebration on Monday was a tremendous success. It seemed as if the citizens had all resolved for one day at least to drive dull care over the Don, and to celebrate Canada's birthday in a cheerful, whole-souled, enthusiastic manner.

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The fierce sunbeams, which beat down on the fat man and the lean man, the rich and the poor, alike, spent their fury in vain, for no man was heard asking "Is it hot enough for you?" The fat man mopped his brow and smiled. The lean man was poked in the ribs with canes, his corns were trodden upon, but he murmured "My country, 'tis for thee," and swore not. A people that can stand around all day in stifling crowds under a July sun, ride in crowded conveyances, and lunch on very ordinary pic-nic buns and beverages and keep good-natured, will be hard to down.

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A rural looking individual of middle age, wearing a black linen coat, broad brimmed straw hat and a reef in his trousers, stood with a companion watching the procession in front of the Manning Arcade. His place of residence was revealed to the bystanders by his informing his companion that he came over on the "Macassser." As detachment after detachment filed past he attracted attention by craning his neck to see how much more was to come and giving vent at intervals in a loud voice to such exclamations as: "Gee whiz!" or, "By gee!" When about half the procession had gone by, he was seen to fall back with a disappointed air and heard to say to his friend:

"Guess that quarter's yours, Jim. Uncle Nathan's funeral wasn't a circumstance to this thing!"

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The display of bunting throughout the city was unusually fine—many of the boats were also gay with flags and looked very imposing as they steamed out of the harbor. The decorations on the National Club were artistically hung and looked very pretty. Here and there the Stars and Stripes floated beside the Union Jack, and it is highly creditable to our citizens that they were allowed to float in peace and that the disgraceful disturbances which took place in New York some months ago were not re-enacted here in retaliation, as was threatened by some short-sighted individuals at that time. Only one American flag was molested, and that was being thrust offensively in people's faces by an intoxicated admirer of the republic. In this connection it may be noticed that the flag on the German consulate was floating upside down.

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The scene beheld by the spectator from the high ground by the main building was at once beautiful and impressive. Scattered all over the spacious park were the people in thousands. The stately forms and glancing helmets of the Body Guards, the white helmets and scarlet tunics of the Grenadiers, the gorgeous trappings of the different societies, the bright costumes of the school girls, and the many-colored and fashionable hats and dresses of their older sisters, lent to the mass of humanity an almost infinite and pleasing variety. Behind this panorama of life and color, Ontario's blue waters stretched away to meet the lighter blue of the cloudless sky. Scattered over the placid surface were the white sails of boats and canoes, and at intervals there passed steamers gay with flags, whose decks were black with people going to spend their holiday in a less crowded resort than Exhibition Park. One cannot help thinking what a revelation that sight would be to those who still consider Canada a frozen wilderness.

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Perhaps the most popular feature of the day's programme was the band concert and fireworks in the Queen's Park. There were the coolness and the general sense of rest which characterizes the evening. The great crowd chattered, watched the beautiful fires, or listened to the music with the utmost order and good humor. Some were heard asking of what use were the invisible bombs which exploded with deafening reports. Not so the young man whose best girl clung to his arm and crept closer with a convulsive shrieklet at every explosion. He felt that they were messengers divinely sent. He took a fresh grip and proceeded to soothe her little fears. When the multitude gaped upward at a dissolving rocket there was a soft sibilant explosion under the whispering branches. Then those two gazed at the stars, natural and artificial, and at the sweet new moon gleaming in the western sky, thinking thoughts too sacred for cold type and when the display was over they started for home so slowly that it is doubtful if they have yet arrived. There were any like them.

So Would Any Wood Cutter.

Erasmus, what would you take to cut down that buttonwood tree?"

"An axe, boss. What would you take!"

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Births.

ANDERSON—On June 26, at London, Mrs. W. J. Anderson—a daughter.
McCOLL—On June 24, at Toronto, Mrs. J. B. McColl—a daughter.
RATHBUN—On June 24, at Deseronto, Mrs. W. C. B. Rathbun—a daughter.
DIVER—On June 28, at Toronto, Mrs. Fred Diver—a son.
STONE—On June 29, at Toronto, Mrs. Wm. Stone—a son.
BRACE—On June 30, at Toronto, Mrs. A. H. Brace—a son.
BURNHAM—At Buffalo, N. Y., Mrs. Z. H. Burnham—a daughter.
McINTYRE—On June 16, at Aylmer, Mrs. T. G. McIntyre—a daughter.
DONALD—On June 26, at Toronto, Mrs. James P. Donald—a son.
EDWARDS—On June 15, at Peterboro', Mrs. E. B. Edwards—a daughter.
HENDERSON—On June 25, at Toronto, Mrs. Emma Henderson—a son.
NELSON—On June 30, at Toronto, Mrs. W. S. Nelson—a daughter.
LYNCH—On June 29, at 548 Front street west, Toronto, Mrs. F. Lynch—a daughter.
MACHELL—On June 29, at Toronto, Mrs. H. T. Machell—a son.
PUGH—On June 27, at Pickering, Mrs. David E. Pugh—a son.

Marriages.

BURK—HEBBLETHWAITE—On June 27, at Toronto, Arthur W. Burk to Mary Beatrice Hebblethwaite of London.
FARRELL—DICK—On June 26, at Kingston, Alexander Gray Farrell of Smith's Falls, to Isabella Jane Dick.
GOULDING—FORD—On June 26, at Toronto, George R. Goulding to Hannah Ford, both of Newtonbrook.
McKAY—RUPPEL—On June 26, at Port Elgin, John McKay of Hepworth to Maggie Ruppel of Bruce.
MILNE—MILLS—On June 26, at Toronto, T. A. Milne to Mary Mills.
PYKE—RADCLIFFE—On June 26, at Toronto, George Pyke to Mary Alicia Radcliffe
VON SZELISKI—KERR—On Wednesday, June 26, 1889, at All Saints' Church, Toronto, by the Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin, M. A., Paul Victor Von Lubtee-Szeliski, to Mary Lilian, eldest surviving daughter of William H. C. Kerr, barrister, all of Toronto.
WILSON—ROSE—On June 26, at Toronto, Fred Stuart Wilson of Picton to Grace H. Rose of Napanee.
YOUNG—McCLURE—On June 26, at West Toronto Junction, George L. Young of Toronto to Lizzie Bell McClure.
THOMPSON—BRENNEN—On June 26, at Hamilton, Rev. J. Thompson of Toronto to Sarah Brennen.
DONALDSON—PATERSON—On June 26, at Agincourt, Alexander Donaldson of Markham to Hannah Ellen Paterson of Scarboro'.
WHEATLEY—KENNEDY—On June 26, at Powassan, Francis Wheatley of Denville, Parry Sound District, to Martha Agratha Kennedy.
INGERSOLL—FOWLER—At St. Catharines, J. H. Ingersoll to Florence Fowler.
MacVICAR—McNAB—On June 26, at Montreal, Rev. J. H. MacVicar, to Bessie McNab.
PRITCHARD—HAWKEN—On June 17, at Chatsworth, George Pritchard to Edith Hawken, all of Sullivan, County of Gray.
THOMSON—LEYS—On June 26, at Sarnia, William J. Thomson of Toronto to Jennie Leys.
JACOB—AIKINS—On July 1, at Toronto, John Jacob to Katharine Aikins.
BOOZ—SAUNDERS—On July 4, at Toronto, Frederick Booz to Amelia (Millie) Saunders, both of Toronto.
FAULDS—DORITTY—On July 1, at Niagara-on-the-Lake, W. S. Faulds of Aylmer, Ont., to Minnie Doritty of Niagara.
ELDRIDGE—HARRISON—On June 29, at Newark, New Jersey, T. R. B. Eldridge of Toronto, to Miss Mary E. Harrison of Newark.

Deaths.

ALEXANDER—On June 23, at Streetsville, Ont., Mrs. Charles James Alexander.
COOKE—On June 26, at Toronto, Mrs. George Cooke.
McKEAND—On June 21, at Hamilton, Mrs. J. C. McKeand.
HUNT—On June 24, at Toronto, Henry Norton Hunt, aged 9 months.
JOHNSTON—On June 27, at Toronto, James Johnston.
McCOOL—At Toronto, Mrs. Jane McCool, aged 61 years.
NEW—On June 28, at Toronto, Mrs. J. H. New.
HOGG—On June 28, at Toronto, James Hogg, aged 30 years.
HARRIS—On July 1, at Toronto, Mary Josephine Harris, aged 17 years.
FINN—On July 1, at Toronto, Wm. Finn, aged 58 years.
CHRISTIE—On June 29, at Township of Reach, Duncan Christie, aged 58 years.
FRASER—On June 4, at Brandon, Manitoba, Rev. S. C. Fraser, aged 83 years
McAVOY—On July 1, in Pickering, Mrs. James McAvoy, aged 79 years.
DRUMMOND—At Toronto, Mrs. Alex. Drummond, aged 62 years.
REYNOLDS—At Toronto, Frank Reynolds, aged 50 years
McWATT—On June 26, at Barrie, Mrs. John McWatt, aged 66 years.
BAXTER—At Welland, Mrs. Margaret Nelson Baxter, aged 80 years.
TAYLOR—On June 30, at Toronto, Henry Roscoe Taylor, aged 17 years.
BAIN—On June 17, at Chicago, George Wallace Bain, aged 34 years.
HEYWORTH—On June 24, at Windsor, Ont., Mrs. A. Heyworth, aged 50 years.
ELMSLIE—At Clifford, Mrs. George Elmslie, aged 84 years.
LYSAGHT—On July 3, at Toronto, Florrie Lysaght, aged 5 years.

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MILLINERY, MANTLES, DRESS GOODS, HOUSE FURNISHINGS, CLOTHING, ETC.—All will be sacrificed. Special lines all over the store will be reduced from 20 to 40 per cent, besides which 10c. will be allowed on each dollar purchased for cash.

SEASIDE FLANNELS, FINE DRESS GOODS—The whole of this beautiful stock at sale prices. No reserve. An elegant assortment of Seaside Flannels at 15c. a yard and 10c. off the dollar besides. Ceylon Flannels in many patterns. Bargains in every corner. Chances in every line.

During July and August store closes at 6 p.m., Saturdays included.

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